# World Review

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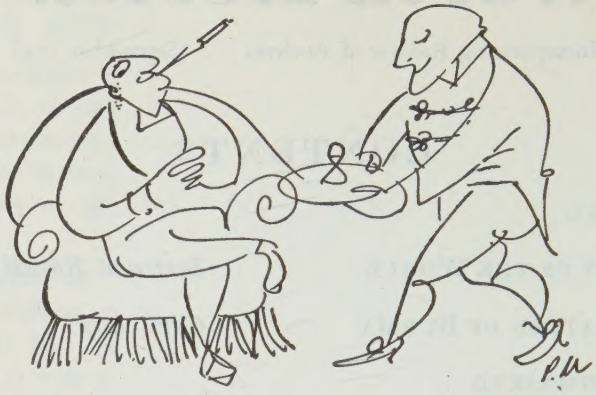

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# Editorial

AN ASPECT, vital but neglected in the press, of the dispute about Berlin is that French views do not, by any manner of means, coincide with those of the other Western Powers. The British and Americans seem to be fairly well agreed. This despite some British, and incidentally U.S. State Department, annoyance from time to time with the activities and mentality of General Lucius D. Clay.

France's case has never been well put in the British press. Everybody knows that many Frenchmen still think that Germany is the real enemy; and are preparing for the next war in terms of 1939, 1914—or 1870. Actually Sir Duff Cooper and Lady Diana were extremely successful in Paris, largely because they loved France, and Sir Duff knew its literature intimately. He never ceased to urge the French point of view. The French case would appear to be somewhat similar to that of 1919. The creation of Western Germany is highly irritating to the Russians. Where, however, is the American Military Alliance? This alliance, despite understandable election difficulties in America, must come to pass. America cannot purchase peace with Marshall Aid alone.

The behaviour of the French Socialist Party in destroying the Schuman Government, and Monsieur Bidault, was highly irresponsible. They voted against higher estimates for the forces, which action they thought might win them at last a little popular support. In truth, they wished to obscure the fact that they were unwilling to dismiss the hordes of completely redundant civil servants. This tenderness for an idle and useless bureaucracy is proving the curse of Socialism in all countries. However, the Socialists and MRP may now hang together, rather than be hanged separately by the Communists, or thrown into the exterior darkness by De Gaulle. Personally, I do not feel that De Gaulle would be an effective Saviour for France, if only because his administration after the war proved that he was not efficient.

It is not possible to resist the feeling that the British Government is not sincere in its desire for a real union of Western Europe. Mr. Hoffman holds a similar view; and if Britain does not take the lead, it is very likely that it will become impossible to continue to put over the idea of Marshall Aid to the American people. Dalton is not alone in wishing to fight shy of a genuinely united Western Europe, now that it is apparent that it will not be an exclusively Socialist one.

The very stimulating article by Bertrand Russell in this number shows that this great thinker is perhaps taking a more realistic view of politics than he did in earlier days. The more woolly enthusiasts for 'World Government' should take note. It is an interesting point of his that suggestions for world government, such as those of Mr. Emery Reves, have tended to be far too legalistic. An American Empire would be infinitely preferable to war and destruction. Let us hope, however, that the Americans will imitate the liberal spirit of nineteenth-century England, and also

the good taste and culture of the French, and the Spanish, civilisations. Touching upon this, it is essential to realise that a new civilisation cannot be built up without the co-operation of a liberal, and perhaps truly reformed, Roman Catholic Church.

Although it would be a pity to fall into the error of many modern psychologists and ask, 'What has led Russell to write like this?' instead of discussing his arguments upon their merits, still it is tempting to think about Lord Russell's heredity. It seems that most great families continue to produce, from time to time, like horses in the Stud Book, some very good examples. This is in contrast to the 'new Soviet science' of Mr. T. D. Lysenko, mentioned in our July number, which insists that heredity does not exist, and that it is all a matter of environment.

The menaces of Mr. Nehru against Hyderabad are highly disturbing. It appears that those freed from foreign rule invariably look round to see what small neighbours they can oppress in turn. On the other hand, there is some truth in Mr. Attlee's statement that there does exist bias in the views that people hold about the Hindus, and their opponents, the Moslems. All the same, not only have the princes, whose states were, on the whole, well conducted, been let down by our contemptible *unilateral* abandonment of our treaties, but the Hindus have not kept to the understanding which was reached that the princely states could remain free and independent, if they desired.

The present government's high hopes about the newly-liberated Burmese have been rudely shattered. For Burma seems about to provide a Communist salient against the Indian Ocean, so long peaceful under the *Pax Britannica*. It now also turns out that the Chinese Communists, so long eulogised by British progressives as harmless rustics, are real 'dyed-in-the-wool' Bolsheviks.

What does our Labour Party really believe about the Empire, about which it claims to have made a *volte-face*? It certainly seems a pity that Mr. Attlee was not able to get all the Empire premiers together at one and the same time. Meanwhile, the ground-nuts scheme in Tanganyika looks as if it is going to be highly expensive, and that monkey-nuts in East Africa will turn out to be more expensive per bag than they are at the Zoo! Furthermore, the detribilisation of the natives being sent to the unpopulated ground-nut area is causing acute new social problems.

Newfoundland has now elected to join the 'Confederation' of Canada. By a comparatively very small loan from this country, these gallant people might have been confirmed in their own Dominion Status, and Newfoundland, the source of immense potential wealth, might have been attached to the Sterling Area.

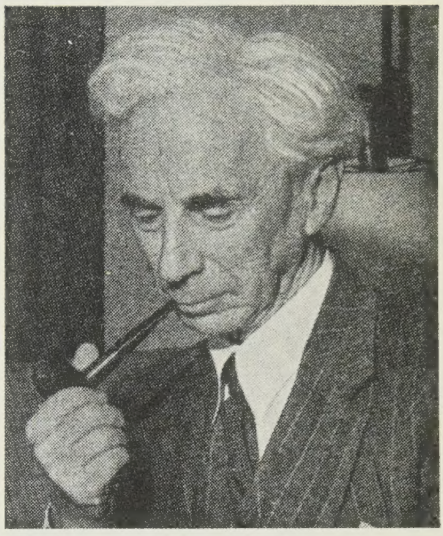
There is need for a new philosophy for the Empire. It is absurd to call countries like India and Pakistan 'Dominions'. They are inhabited by peoples of different race and tradition and do not necessarily wish to swear allegiance to our King. Statesmanship might have given them the status of 'Associated State'; and this might have also been applied to Burma, not to say Sarawak, and the various sultanates of Malaya. A reconstructed British Commonwealth would ensure that the world would not be too exclusively dominated by the American way of life.

# The Way of the World

BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S.

THE importance of an international authority for the prevention of war has been perceived by statesmen ever since the time of Henry IV. It was obvious to President Wilson, but unfortunately not to as many as two-thirds of his compatriots. It was also not obvious to the European victors in the First World War. They accepted the League of Nations to please America, and then found, too late, that America would have none of it. In Europe, the popular view was that the war was due to the wickedness of Germany, and that, as all the victors were good, there was no likelihood of another war. The view of the cynics who directed British, French, Japanese and Italian policy was that the defeat of Germany gave splendid opportunities for imperialist expansion, and that the provisions of the Covenant of the League could easily be circumvented. Their view prevailed and led to the Second World War.

At the end of the Second World War it was again felt that some kind of window-dressing was necessary to appease the advocates of international government. But the United Nations was a much less ambitious attempt than the League of Nations. By the institution of the veto it left the sovereignty of the Great Powers unimpaired. True, there were elaborate provisions to protect Russia from an unprovoked attack by Finland, but none to protect



*A study of* BERTRAND RUSSELL, *one of the greatest thinkers of his day*

Finland from an attack by Russia. The constitution of the United Nations was admirably adapted to prevent all wars except those likely to occur.

It is unjust to blame the Russians exclusively for the veto. It is true that their use of it has been more annoying than that of other Great Powers but, in framing the constitution of UNO, America was just as much in favour of the veto. There was no readiness to limit sovereignty except on the part of those States whose sovereignty was already limited by lack of power.

The abolition of the veto, though desirable, would not in itself do much to prevent war. In the case of a clash

between Russia and America, neither side would yield to a mere legalistic argument, and war would be just as likely as if UNO did not exist, even if the veto had been nominally abrogated. If wars are to be prevented, it must be by an international authority possessing not merely legal rights, but an unquestionable superiority of armed force. This necessity is one which powerful nations are reluctant to face.

### The Future of the West

America, it is true, by a remarkable act of statesmanship, offered to surrender the control of atomic energy to an international authority, and this offer, if it had been accepted, might have led to the creation of an international armed force powerful enough to insist upon the peaceful settlement of disputes. But the offer was not accepted, and the atomic armaments race is rapidly leading towards disaster.

I have no wish to exaggerate the dangers. I think that, if there is a third world war, mankind will survive it, provided it is not postponed long enough for new advances in atomic and bacteriological warfare. Western Europe, including Great Britain, will, of course, cease to be important: its population will be greatly diminished, its industries ruined, and its institutions destroyed. But in less densely populated parts the damage will be less, and unless one side is completely victorious, there will remain enough energy to prepare for another war. It is reasonable to suppose that a fourth world war would be the last.

There is only one way by which peace can be preserved: by the creation of a single armed force quite obviously stronger than anything that might oppose it. If such an armed force can be created, *homo sapiens* may continue to exist; if not, not, or at least not for long.

There are two ways by which such a force may be created: by agreement or by conquest. Obviously agreement would be by far the better way. The prospects of the creation of such a force by agreement, however, it must be admitted, are not very bright. Consider the kind of questions that excite nations: Who should control Southern Korea? Who should exploit the oil of Persia? Who should exercise sovereignty in the Falkland Islands? Politicians and the public, to judge by their behaviour, consider such issues more important than the survival of the human race. To make the matter concrete: if there were an international armed force, and there were a decision hostile to (say) the United States, armies containing Americans (among others) would have to enforce the award upon America. Such a possibility is repugnant to national pride, and national pride is sufficiently strong to make a reasonable consideration of the alternatives impossible.

An international armed force, if it is to fulfil its purpose, must not consist of large contingents supplied out of the national forces of the member States. Such contingents would retain national feeling, and would mutiny if asked to serve against their own countries. If an international armed force is to fulfil its purpose, every regiment, every battleship, every air squadron, must be of mixed nationality, and the supreme commands should, if possible, be given to men from small nations, who would not be sympathetic to the ambitions of the Great Powers. Unless something of this sort is done, wars will merely be transformed into civil wars between rival groups of the international army.

The whole question of international government has been usually considered far too much from a legalistic point of

view. The problem is not to frame a paper constitution to which the powers nominally assent. The real problem is to transfer *power* from separate States to the international government, and the more this problem is examined, the more unlikely it appears that a solution will be found by agreement soon enough to save the human race from extinction.

## A Third World War

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties, we must hope that a gradual approach to international government may become possible without another world war. It may be that some way will be found of adjusting the disagreements which at present threaten peace. It may be that realisation of the risks and destructiveness of war will generate a readiness for conciliation. So long as there is not actual war, we must continue to seek for ways of diminishing the likelihood of war otherwise than by a policy of abject appeasement.

The likelihood of a third war, however, does not seem to be diminishing, and it is therefore highly desirable that the Western Powers should have a goal and a policy in the event of the failure of all efforts to preserve the peace. In that case, it will still be possible, after the war, to bring about international government, though not, in the first stages, by general agreement.

It is clear that the next war, if it occurs, will be conducted, on our side, by a combination of powers which may call itself the Democratic Alliance or the Atlantic Alliance, or by some other name. I shall speak of it simply as the Alliance.

Those who advocate a world government are, for the most part, averse from imperialism and conquest; they aim at a voluntary democratic co-operation of the various nations. The idea of a world empire, imposed by the military might of a single State or an Alliance, does not attract them. I agree that voluntary democratic union would be preferable, but if it is not practicable in a sufficiently near future, a single world Federation established as a result of victory in a defensive war, though far from ideal, may turn out to be the best thing that human folly allows us to hope for. There are certain grave difficulties which this procedure would avoid. Democratic theory, if strictly enforced, would require that India and China should be represented in proportion to their populations, but it is in the highest degree unlikely that the white victors would agree thus to sacrifice their superior power. Certainly they would not agree to the mixture of races in each unit, which is necessary if an international army based on democratic equality is to be a security against war. These are only some of the difficulties. The conclusion seems to be that, while a world government by agreement should be our ultimate goal, and is to be preferred if attainable, some more immediately practicable way of preventing wars may prove necessary if the human race is to survive. And the only practicable alternative to agreement, so far as I can see, is the supremacy of a single Power or closely allied group of Powers.

Assuming such supremacy achieved by the United States and its Allies, security would not demand any onerous degree of subjection for other countries. What would be necessary at first would be, except for nations willing to amalgamate their armies with that of the Alliance, a limitation of their armaments and a prohibition of some weapons of war, more especially atomic bombs. With this limitation, each country could preserve its independence, which would have to be guaranteed

by the Alliance. In fact, all countries except the United States and its Allies would enjoy much the same status as is enjoyed, under the Monroe Doctrine, by the countries of Latin America.

### Unity of Armed Forces

From such a system it would be easy to advance step by step towards a genuine international government. The Alliance could announce conditions on which other Powers would be admitted to a Federation. One such condition should be unity of armed forces. The constitution and powers of the Federation could be determined in advance by the Alliance, leaving other States to become members or not as they chose. But obviously advantages could be attached to membership, and therefore the Federation might be expected to gain new adherents very quickly. There would also be advantages to America in extending the Federation, since every extension would diminish the military burdens of the United States. But it should remain open, first to the Alliance, and later to the existing members of the Federation, to refuse an application for membership if for any reason such refusal seemed desirable. And at all stages the Federation would have to be ready to declare war on any Power manufacturing the forbidden weapons, for the Federation could not serve its purpose except by constantly preserving the military supremacy originally won by the United States and its Allies in war.

Assuming a third world war, and the ultimate victory of America and her Allies, I do not think it should be impossible to persuade public opinion in the United States of the desirability of some such policy as I have been suggesting. Other Powers, at the end of the war, would have no option but to acquiesce in whatever America might demand. I think that, if a world government comes about, it will probably come by such steps as I have been outlining. I think also that, unless a unitary government of the world comes about within a generation or so, the outlook for the human race is almost unbelievably gloomy.

If, on the other hand, a unitary government under the ægis of America is created, there is every reason to expect an era of rapid progress leading to an unprecedented level of general well-being. There will no longer be the wastage of war, and before long there will cease to be the general fear of war. What will have to be spent on armaments will be vastly less than at present. The nightmare of a world divided into two hostile camps will have ended. Science and scientific technique, which during the present century have seemed to lead only to greater and greater destructiveness, will become the servants of mankind, not of separate warring nations. There is no doubt that scientific technique, wisely applied, could abolish destitution throughout the world, even in India and China, within a period of fifty years.

### A World Government

We have all become so accustomed to pessimistic prognostications that any hopeful suggestion is apt to be suspected of insincerity. For my part, I want to say that my optimism as regards the further future is every bit as sincere as my pessimism concerning the next few years. There is a very good chance that before long mankind will solve the great problem of preventing war, and that, when that problem has been solved, others, such as the prevention of extreme poverty, will suddenly be found to offer little difficulty.

This happy issue will only be realised

in so far as it is possible to depend upon the political wisdom of America, and to a lesser degree of her Allies. Success will depend upon the possibility of co-operation between two hitherto divergent sentiments—American nationalism and world-wide idealism. It will be to the interests of mankind that America and her Allies should, at first, impose their will upon the world in the matter of armaments. This may appeal to American nationalism, but would run counter to the sentiments of those Americans who consider themselves internationalists. If they are to be won over—and without them the whole movement might become *merely* a new imperialism—it will be necessary to preach vigorously both the urgent need of a unitary government of the world, and the improbability of inaugurating such a government except by force. It is in order to make *both* these requisites evident that a correct analysis of the situation is so necessary.

There are at present various movements aiming at the establishment of a world government by consent. The question arises: what attitude should be adopted towards these movements by those who take the view that I have been considering? For my part, I hold that the attitude should be one of support. A world government by consent, if it can be secured, is obviously preferable to one which can only be created after another world war. And if, in spite of all the efforts of those who value peace, war comes while the agitation for a world government is being vigorously carried on throughout the Western world, there is a much better chance than there would otherwise be that the Western States, after victory, will set to work to create such a government. But I should wish the advocates of world government to realise that its greatest merit, namely the prevention of war, does not depend upon its being established by general consent, but upon its possession of obviously irresistible armed force. If, however, it is to be stable and enduring, it will have to secure general consent as soon as possible, and will therefore have to avoid being oppressive in so far as is compatible with its continued existence. This condition would, I hope and believe, be fulfilled by the United States and its Allies, but not by the U.S.S.R. if it should emerge victorious in a contest for world supremacy.

There are still many to whom the project of a world government seems Utopian and visionary. There are, however, obvious tendencies which make the emergence of such a government probable. Large States tend to get larger, and small States are increasingly compelled to become satellites of Great Powers. Since our planet is of infinite size, this tendency, if it continues, must issue in the supremacy of a single State. There are already only two fully independent States—America and the U.S.S.R. If either defeats the other, there will be only one fully independent State. Only a small modicum of political wisdom will then be needed to prevent the world from again splitting up into a number of wholly separate units. I think America, but not the U.S.S.R., would possess this modicum of wisdom; I think also that, if a world war occurs, America and her allies will win it, and will establish a world government. If these expectations are well founded, there is good reason to hope that the world, after some terrible years, will emerge into an era in which the most difficult of our problems will have been solved, and in which such optimism as characterised the nineteenth century will again be reasonable.

# Mountbatten of Burma

**From the world stage, he has stepped back again to the Admiral's cabin. But few believe that he will pace the quarter-deck for long. What manner of man is he?**

CYRIL RAY

WHEN Rear-Admiral Mountbatten hoists his flag next month as Flag Officer Commanding the First Cruiser Squadron, it will seem, as far as the Navy List is concerned, as though the last seven years had never been. His last sea-going commands were as a four-ringed captain commanding, first, a destroyer flotilla and then, briefly, an aircraft carrier. A step up to Rear-Admiral and a cruiser squadron might well be part of the normal pattern of a successful naval officer's career.

But since the 5th Destroyer Flotilla and H.M.S. *Illustrious*, whose command he relinquished in 1941, there have been the seven years of fame—Chief of Combined Operations, with the acting rank of Vice-Admiral and the honorary ranks of Lieutenant-General and Air Marshal; Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia; last Viceroy of India, first Governor-General of the Dominion of India; a Viscountcy and an Earldom of his own to add to the courtesy title borne by a Marquess' younger son, and a Garter to take precedence over the D.S.O. won as a fighting sailor and the Victorian Order earned on royal tours.

Above all, though, the birth and growth of a legend. A dozen years or so ago it was a few Anglo-American socialites and gossip columnists who bandied tales about the charm and the goings-on of 'Dickie' Mountbatten, a Prince-of-Walesish figure who happened, oddly enough, to be a professional sailor. Today, politicians and political journalists speculate as to where next a Labour Government or its successor can best use Lord Mountbatten's brisk omni-competence. To the politicians, as to the playboys, his profession must sometimes seem irrelevant.

For the time being, though, it is far from being that. Mountbatten has stepped from the world stage back again to the quarter-deck. That was what he wanted. But nobody supposes that he will pace the quarter-deck for ever; I doubt whether he expects to himself, though I believe, as many don't, that he would be happy to. Where, when, and how will his qualities be used on something other than moving big ships about at sea?

Some day, I fancy, this Cabinet or another will give the answer, and whether it is the appropriate answer or not will depend on how carefully it has considered what, precisely, his qualities are. Not that cabinets are necessarily bad judges of men, but nothing so blinds a prospective employer as success, and many usually good judges have already been blinded by Mountbatten's.

Have relations with Russia deteriorated? Then send Mountbatten as Ambassador. Everything depends on the United States? Mountbatten should go to Washington. Murder in Malaya? Send Mountbatten.

He has succeeded in everything he has turned his hand to; *ergo*, he can turn his hand to anything.

This, I would suggest, is an inadequate survey of the Mountbatten make-up that lays too much stress on one of its ingredients—Mountbatten's luck—and ignores too many of the others. Ignores, indeed, the fact that part of Mountbatten's luck, so far, has lain in his being given the jobs most suitable to his talents. Given that kind of job, Mountbatten goes one step further and manufactures his own luck. The restless, fact-loving, pragmatical mind, once a decision is reached or a move made, is racing off to the next stage, speculating as to the snags, the loopholes, the other fellow's countermoves. That is why the snags are circumvented, the loopholes plugged, the other fellow checkmated—and there is an extra polish on the legend of Mountbatten's luck.

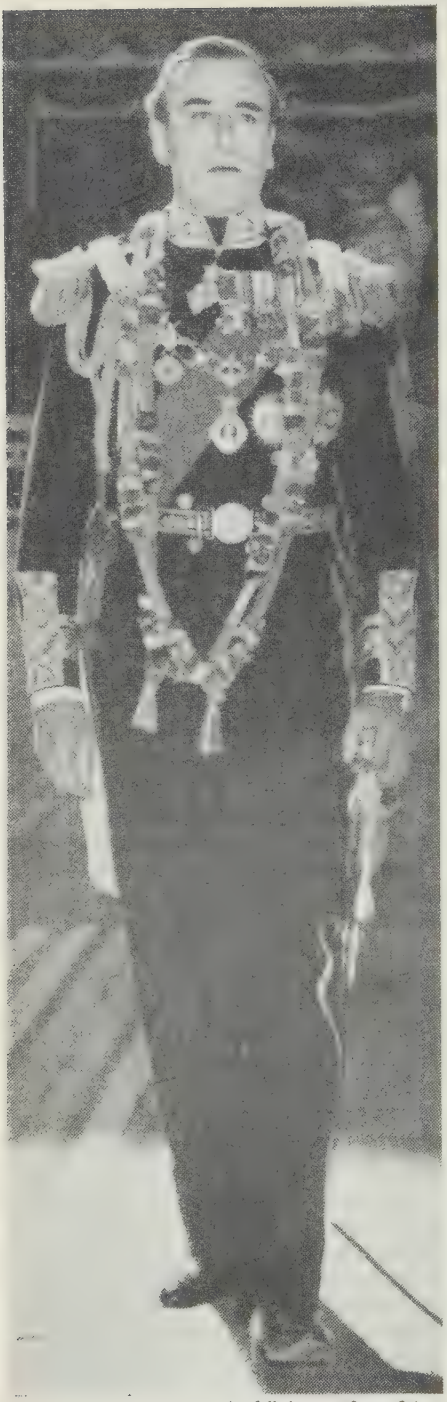
## Indian Summer

India is a good example of this 'double luck' of Mountbatten's. He is an energiser, not a temporiser; a doer, not a theoriser; quick-witted, but not an abstract thinker. He could as easily have failed in the task that was given to Wavell as Wavell, probably, would have failed in his. But he was given the job in India not of selling a project to the Indians that they were unwilling to buy but of implementing as efficiently as possible the project that was already inevitable—the end of British rule, and the introduction of partition. It was the right job for Mountbatten, and he made his own luck in it: where a more cautious or a more thoughtful man would have seen that the time he had been given was too short if the finished job was to look administratively tidy, Mountbatten saw only that it was too long if political chaos and civil war were to be avoided. Full speed ahead was the Admiral's order: the date was advanced by the best part of a year; the princes were swept in (there was the usual luck in that two of the most important—Bikaner and Bhopal—were old friends); London was mesmerised, and electrified into drafting a Government of India Act overnight.

It was all brilliantly successful. India and Pakistan exist as separate states and, if not at peace with each other, are certainly not at war. The subsequent Pakistani criticisms can well be ignored, for Pakistan's leaders shared in all his major decisions. The best advice available to Mountbatten was against the arrest of the Punjabi leaders. And if the Maharaja had taken Mountbatten's advice, Kashmir could probably have remained as untroubled as—miraculously—did Bengal.

To argue, though, from this Indian success, as some have done, that here is the ideal diplomatist for Moscow or the heaven-sent cozener of dollars out of American pockets, is to mistake the nature of Mountbatten's gifts. His talents lie in action and in leadership, and the peculiar nature of the Indian problem called for those talents as surely as did a destroyer action at sea. Negotiations nowadays with either of the two Powers greater than ourselves call for appeasements, bargainings, and concessions; for years of watchfulness, inaction, and delay; for speculation stretching far ahead and for a knowledge of affairs stretching far back, for a grasp of world politics and of economics. Mountbatten has the knack of bargaining, as the Indians discovered, but no talent for masterly inaction, no pleasure in taking long views. I remember the glee with which Mountbatten, at sea as a flotilla commander, hoisted the signal 'Chase': his temperament remains the same whether he is diplomatist on special mission or sailor—he is all for getting to grips. And, though he can very quickly grasp a complicated contemporary political situation, he has more knowledge of engineering and of radio than of economics or of world history.

He is an Admiral and of royal blood: the Russians think little of royal blood, and the Americans think too much of it. He is more at ease with his British crews and with the ancient races of India than he would be with the new ideology-mongers of the East or the new money-changers of the West. The Russians and the Americans would like him—it is almost impossible



EARL MOUNTBATTEN *in the full-dress uniform of the Governor-General of India*

not to. But in Moscow or in Washington, it seems to me—unless it was for a short-term 'spring-cleaning' mission—his talents could either wither or run to seed. At the very worst they could betray him.

It is foolish to be impressed by royal blood, but as foolish not to recognise that it can influence, even today, a man in whose veins it runs. It seems to have given Mountbatten a large disinterestedness in the things that matter, even if it combines with an innate flamboyance to make him ambitious, sometimes, of the things that don't. When success and catastrophic failure are divided by a hair's breadth, Mountbatten enters the conference room a monster of equanimity, with never a glance over his shoulder at his own career. He enjoys the utter security of the highest-born. However he might bungle the job on hand, in the last resort his own personal position is insulated against sudden downfall, which is one reason why he doesn't bungle it.

## Radical Royalist

This is a factor to be reckoned with in Mountbatten, and all the more because he believes in kingship. And along with kingship, Mountbatten believes in the panoply of kingship, in tables of precedence, fine uniforms, and the proper order for medal ribbons. The Garter, to him, is more than merely the gaudiest bauble of them all.

Here, perhaps, Mountbatten is as illogically English as an Englishman can be. Sceptical, socialist England is more attached to its royal family than was the self-satisfied, capitalist England of Joseph Chamberlain's day and Dilke's. Mountbatten, like many of his contemporaries, is a radical royalist. As a connection of royalty himself, and as a serving officer, he maintains a proper reticence about his own political beliefs, but those close to him guess him to be a little to the left of centre—a highly individualistic liberal, at the least. We know, at any rate, that he had no ideological objections to coming to terms with Aung San in Burma, to presiding over the dissolution of his cousin's Indian Empire, or to

accepting the task at the hands of a Labour government. And there is reason for believing that, unlike many others who have been military governors, he genuinely dislikes military government and thinks as highly of individual freedom as he says he does.

This is not to suggest, though, that Mountbatten has any liking for party politics as such. He has neither the temperament for it nor the training, any more than he has any interest in the wider philosophies on which party politics depend. He would make a bad back-bencher, and not perhaps a very good Cabinet Minister.

## The Quick Brain

Not, that is, in the Cabinet room itself. As the working head of a Ministry he could be brilliant, which is why some would have liked to find a formula by which he could become a Labour Government's Minister of Defence. (It would have been interesting, for that matter, to see what sort of a fist he would have made at putting through the National Health Service, or the nationalisation of coal.)

Mountbatten is at his best as the head of a team with a limited objective in view, or a series of limited objectives. He finds the right advisers and associates, whatever their background, and listens to what they have to say, however outrageous. He can be exacting and difficult with them inside the office, but he can be delightful. In either case he gives them their head, and outside he is utterly loyal to them. He soon got over his tendency to weaken the team by including, among the Fellows of the Royal Society and the intellectual soldiers, young sprigs of the families he once danced and played polo with. He finds it harder to grow out of his other weakness—the way in which he wastes time over trivial office details. Big things he can delegate, little things he cannot. But he knows, at least, that it is a weakness, even if it is the weakness of a restless, all-embracing mind.

When he was Chief of Combined Operations, his idea-producing workshop consisted largely of 'Sage' Bernal, Solly

*Among the Indian people.* LORD AND LADY MOUNTBATTEN *mobbed by young Indians at a party in Delhi*

Zuckermann, and the late Geoffrey Pyke. (Two were Jews, one partly Jewish—their own name for their little office was 'The Ghetto'.) They were as donnish-looking a trio as any caricaturist of absent-minded professors could hope for; they puzzled the smart marine sentries, and they pained the even smarter major-generals. But Mountbatten's quick brain and fertile imagination delighted in theirs; they struck sparks from each other—sparks that flamed into the 'weasels' that Mountbatten took to Burma, into Mulberry harbours and Pluto. The raid on Dieppe was open to criticism, and the Chief of Combined Operations has been sharply criticised—not always fairly—for it. But if Mountbatten shares some of the blame for Dieppe, he must share much of the praise for the D-day landings. He was in the Far East by then, but the work he had done at Richmond Terrace—and the work he had got out of others—had made it possible.

The impressive thing about the Richmond Terrace period was not so much Mountbatten's delight in his dons as the dons' respect for Mountbatten. Here at last was a brass-hat who would listen. He was completely open-minded, completely

*The man who gave India her freedom and the man who fought for it.* THE MOUNTBATTENS *with* GANDHI

receptive. And he was not merely open to ideas: he constantly demanded more. His test was not, 'Has it been done before?' but 'Will it work?' That it so often did reflects almost as much credit on the professional fighting man, untypically unafraid of innovations, as on the scientists who conceived them.

Pressed very hard, one of the scientists could be persuaded to criticise Mountbatten to this extent, that he never gave himself time to think. He would engage men to sit and speculate, but he distrusted inaction in himself. Even this criticism leaves out of account that Mountbatten, as a friend once put it, 'thinks on his feet.' He astonished and delighted Jinnah, for instance, with the closeness of his unprepared arguing, and even American newspapermen have found his quickness at a long press conference amazing. What is lacking is not the capacity for thought but the taste for thinking for its own sake.

Pyke used to wonder wistfully sometimes what sort of a man Mountbatten would have been if he had had a broader education than that afforded by Dartmouth and endless professional courses. It might have made less difference than Pyke supposed. Mountbatten, I imagine, would always have distrusted philosophies and have been bored by the humaner letters. Applied science is his love—science in its most practical, concrete, gadgeteering forms. If he had not been a sailor, he would have been most at home as an electrical engineer. And why should he give himself time to think? He knows what men to get to do his thinking for him, how to inspire them to think hard and to some purpose, and where and when to translate their thoughts into action.

## His Future

It is hard to tell what Mountbatten's future will be. War would find endless opportunities for him, but war, we hope, is not as near as all that. Indias aren't to be partitioned every day. (If we had ever had a plan for Palestine, Mountbatten would have done better than most in putting it through. If we had ever had a plan. . . .) Convention bars him from the narrower battlefields of politics, or he might have done much in a period when planners abound but skilled executants are rare.

Mountbatten himself is genuinely glad to be back at sea and to confine his ambitions to those proper to a keen naval officer with a first-class record. He has fulfilled the obligations of his rank to serve the State, and what more glittering distinctions can a subject earn than the Vice-Royalty and the Garter?

If circumstances should keep his ambitions so confined, we may see him some day as the First Sea Lord. He is young enough yet, at forty-eight (it is odd to realise that he is a grandfather), and his promotion has been fast enough and well enough deserved. He has the energy and the physical strength to stay the course, and he would be glad to fill the post that his father filled so brilliantly and was so meanly jockeyed out of. There might even be a spice of friendly personal rivalry as the prize drew nearer: many knowing observers tip, as a future First Sea Lord, Mountbatten's friend and

brilliant contemporary, Charles Lambe.

But circumstances might take him this much further. Sooner or later the three fighting services must be completely co-ordinated. That was one of the lessons of the war, and the younger men have learned it, if the older ones haven't. The next few years will see the older ones retired. The penny has dropped in the United States, and our service organisation is more closely linked with that of the United States than is always recognised, or is comforting to think about. Another war would not necessarily find a Churchill here and a Roosevelt there to act—virtually in the one case, formally and constitutionally in the other—as co-ordinating Commanders-in-Chief of the three services. Who better for such a Commander-in-Chief of the British services than Mountbatten, the one Englishman who has not only commanded (with high rank in all three services) an inter-service organisation, but who has also been supreme commander of an inter-allied force of all three?

And as the Admiralty would offer the greatest sales-resistance to any such proposed merger, the first Commander-in-Chief, if the combination ever comes, will almost certainly have to be a sailor.

It is a pity that speculation about Mountbatten should lead back to war and the possibility of war. There is so much to do in this uneasy peace that Mountbatten, one feels, should be doing some of it, not merely for his own sake, but for ours. One cannot begrudge him his cruiser squadron; a couple of years at sea will give him the physical tonic and, no doubt, the mental relaxation he has earned. But I, for one, should like to think that there was a constructive job at the end of it. If war were successfully outlawed tomorrow, we should still need all the vigour, disinterestedness and open-mindedness we could find, and those are all qualities of which Mountbatten has more than his share. And the famous charm? That, too; a wider world than a naval wardroom can do with all it can get—especially that kind of charm which Rajagopalachari has recognised in Mountbatten as 'a quality of the heart'.

*A wartime picture of the* MOUNTBATTENS *at home at Broadlands, near Romsey. Once again* EARL MOUNTBATTEN *has donned naval uniform to command a cruiser squadron*

# FACES

*'Rousing speaker'*

## PRINCE BERNHARD

### Dutch Prince Consort

BERNHARD LEOPOLD FREDERICK EBERHARD JULES KURT CHARLES GODFREY PETER ZUR LIPPE-BIESTERFELD, Prince of the Netherlands, is a young man with thick spectacles, a tough handshake and a ready smile, whom everybody likes. With the retirement of Queen Wilhelmina, he will play an increasingly important part in Dutch life.

There was a time, in 1937–8, when tongues wagged and Dutchmen believed their homely Juliana had married a stormy petrel. Bernhard did things his own way. In eighteen months he had three motor crashes, one of which knocked him into hospital for a month. He promised not to drive a car, bought a speedboat and wrecked that, too. Once he was marooned for days amidst Alpine snows. He liked to drink on Sundays. Even Dutch tailors grumbled; he bought his clothes in London.

The war sponged Bernhard's copybook clean. When Nazi paratroopers attacked the Soestdijk Palace, he was waiting for them with a sub-machine gun. In England, he was everywhere, working and training with Dutch troops.

Now thirty-seven, this former German princelet and former Paris salesman for I. G. Farben Industrie, has settled down. He flies his own plane, but there are no more bumps. He loves his four dimpled daughters and works hard to keep Holland happy. 'Benno' is the most popular Dutch prince.

*'Artistic things'*

## JAY POMEROY

### Lover of Opera

BETWEEN 1946 and 1948, Jay Pomeroy lost £100,000 by running opera at the Cambridge Theatre. After the 609th performance, a world record, last May, he was not dismayed. 'The money was invested,' he said. 'I hate the word "lost". I like to do things that are artistic.'

In his fifty-three years, he has done a great many. Born in Russia, but resident here since he was twenty-seven (and naturalised in 1929), he has managed the Russian Opera and Ballet Company, staged orchestral concerts in London. Last July he made the bid for control of Covent Garden Opera House, which brought about its compulsory purchase by the State.

Squat, dark-haired, and an inveterate smoker, he made much money during the war by a series of intricate deals in whisky. After a long legal battle, the Income Tax Commissioners obtained £329,483 excess profit tax from him and his associates.

In opera, Pomeroy sets high standards, established a school to train the English singers he discovered, let them perform with leading Italian artistes. Operating without a subsidy from the Arts Council (compared with Covent Garden which received £60,000 last year), he plans to reopen his Cambridge Theatre venture again in the autumn. He remains convinced that it can be made to pay even though the odds are against him. But with Pomeroy, opera has become a healthy obsession.

## PALAIS DE CHAILLOT

### U.N. Meeting place

WHEN, on 21 September, 5,000 UNO delegates and employees crowd into this gleaming, eleven-year-old show palace, they will find a fountain of knowledge within reach. One wing houses the Musée de l'Art Français; the other, the now famous ethnological Musée de l'Homme, where prehistoric flints, mummies and Red Indian poisoned arrows are displayed. The latter, however, will not be available to delegates.

The Palais, standing on the site of an architectural monstrosity, the old Trocadero, was built for the 1937 Paris Exhibition. Parisians grew so fond of its monumental white stairs and colonnades that it was reinforced and completed. It is huge (ten acres in area), crescent-shaped and girded by fountains.

France has spent 550 million francs to get the Palais ready for the Assembly. Over 150 lines and 1,200 telephones have been installed, together with a Post Office, a film unit and 600 separate offices provided with 1,000 typewriters. The full Assembly will sit in the ultra-modern theatre between the two museums. The history-laden atmosphere of the Palais de Chaillot might induce the members of this year's world parliament to think twice before settling the destiny of new generations.

*'History-laden Atmosphere'*

# UNMASKED

## SIR A. CADOGAN
### Quiet Diplomat

THOUGH the name of Britain's representative at Lake Success appears in the world's newspapers every day, his personality made the headlines only once. Last spring, after the Czech affair, Sir Alexander went out of his way to be rude to Russia's Gromyko, and U.S. columnists chuckled with excited admiration.

The seventh and youngest son of the Earl of Cadogan, Sir Alexander is the product of a tradition. He went to Eton and Balliol, and married the daughter of the Earl of Gosford, one of the pillars of the British-American Tobacco Co. In 1909 Sir Alexander went to Turkey as Attaché, landing unruffled amidst a revolution. Within a year, he sportingly learned Turkish, a feat which induced the Treasury to grant him a bonus. Then he served in Vienna, Paris and China, where he was Ambassador in 1935. By 1938, he had become the Foreign Office's Permanent Under-Secretary.

At sixty-four, Sir Alexander Cadogan is slim, with sloping shoulders, thinning hair and a small moustache. At UNO the babel of excited voices leaves him cool and slightly bored-looking. He is reticent and meticulous in manner. His speeches are solid, factual and unexciting.

*'Perfect Victorian'*

*'Sphinx-like smile'*

## BYRON PRICE
### Office Chief

THE success of this year's U.N. General Assembly in Paris rests largely on this fifty-seven-year-old ex-newspaperman. He is UNO's office chief, budget man and talent scout.

His main trouble, he says, is hiring people to work for UNO. The wages he offers are good—some people say too good. He can find plenty of Americans, Britons and Frenchmen but too few Russians, Chinese and Indians, all nationalities which are under-represented on the UNO pay-roll.

Price was born in Topeka, Indiana. He graduated from a local University and got his first job as cub reporter with the Associated Press in 1912. The A.P. and journalism have been Price's whole life. He only left the firm three times: in 1917, when he joined up; in 1941 when Roosevelt made him Chief Press Censor; and in 1946 when he became Assistant Secretary-General under Trygve Lie.

He is 5 ft. 10 in. tall, burly, with cold, light-blue eyes and an occasional sphinx-like smile which his subordinates have come to dread. After the smile comes the thunder. Price hates inefficiency and is cuttingly rude to slackers, whom he often fires on the spot. He has no known hobby or recreation and, though he can be witty and pleasant to UNO employees, he remains the boss, respected by all, but liked and understood only by a few. His task in Paris will be formidable but those who work with him are confident he will succeed.

*'He kept aloof'*

## YACOB MALIK
### Soviet Envoy

WHEN Malik landed in New York recently to take Gromyko's place at Lake Success, he was even less known than his predecessor was three years ago. To the reporters who crowded the ship looking for him, he introduced himself: 'I am Malik. I am glad to see you. I have no comments.' Clamping his soft grey hat on his round head, he disappeared with his bodyguard. It was nothing new in Russian diplomacy.

Relatively young—he is forty-six—Malik is one of Molotov's diplomatic shock troops, the carefully trained robots who speak Moscow's mind to the capitalist world. He was born in the Ukraine. Nothing is known of him prior to 1940. He then became Soviet Ambassador in Japan. He kept himself aloof and neutral. When Japan tottered in 1945 and Russia declared war, Malik was interned for a few hours, then released and allowed to contact Moscow.

Back in the Kremlin, Malik was made Deputy Foreign Minister in charge of Far Eastern Affairs. His presence at UNO might mean that Soviet Russia is turning her interest to the Far East.

The few people who know Malik are glad to report that he is a little more pleasantly disposed than Gromyko. He is less violent in speech, less temperamental. He is short, broad-shouldered, with sandy hair, a fleshy face and narrow grey eyes. He smiles, one hears, even when there is little to smile about, which is a welcome change.

# REPORT FROM YUGOSLAVIA

**The development of Tito's quarrel with Moscow may well prove even more important than it appears today. What is going on behind the Iron Curtain—and what does it mean to the West?**

ALEXANDER WERTH

Of all the crazy situations arising in post-war Europe, that of Yugoslavia is about the craziest. When, last month, the delegates arrived in Belgrade for the Danubian Conference, Foreign Minister Simich and many Yugoslav officials were crowding round Vyshinsky who had just arrived from Moscow. There was much joking and backslapping. 'I hope your journey was not bumpy, Comrade Vyshinsky,' Simich said, and Vyshinsky replied: 'I find it is much bumpier on the ground than in the air as a rule.' They all laughed, and then somebody rushed in to say that Anna Pauker had just landed by aeroplane. Nobody did anything about her. Somebody from the Protocol was simply sent to meet the Rumanian Foreign Minister, who then went off, in none too good a temper, to her Embassy without seeing anybody else. The reason, of course, was that a week before, in the Cominform Magazine, she had published a rather savage attack on Yugoslav Communist leadership, and the Yugoslavs now decided to show her their displeasure.

The next day, however, when they all met at the Conference, the solidarity of the Eastern bloc was complete. There were dirty cracks from Vyshinsky and from the Yugoslavs and the Hungarians. 'New times, new tunes'; 'America isn't a riparian or even a European country, and Britain is pretty far away from the Danube, too'; 'The Convention will be signed by those who want to sign it'; 'The door is open for British, Americans and French to enter its Conference; it is also open to them to leave if they wish.' And it was Vyshinsky who gracefully singled out Yugoslavia as a particular victim of the Anglo-French moneylenders who ran the Danube Commission before the war.

Anna Pauker also talked about moneylenders and bloodsuckers, and she spoke in more than doubtful Russian, which was nevertheless a demonstration that she was a hundred per cent with the Sovereign states of Eastern Europe, with the Soviet Union at their head. Vyshinsky was ironical: 'I hope that American delegates are quite as uncomfortable as we are sometimes made to feel at Lake Success. We do not believe in bloc votes and there are none of your Beneluxes here, but you are faced, gentlemen, with a union of sovereign states.' The faint squeaking of the British, American and French could hardly be heard in this chorus of Danubian solidarity.

But the real and basic Yugoslav question still remains unanswered to this day. Did Vyshinsky, Pauker, Klementis, Molnar, come all the way to Belgrade simply to win another great diplomatic contest round the Conference table where, for once, the Eastern Powers were in an overwhelming majority?

The Russians and the Yugoslavs in the Conference lobby had been assuring me on my arrival that all these Communist Foreign Ministers, as well as Vyshinsky, were conscious of the importance of the Danube and that the meeting had nothing to do with the Yugoslav Cominform conflict. But I find it hard to believe this. The impression one has had in Belgrade during the past month is that the next move should come from the Russians if their relations with the Yugoslavs are to be improved. And it is doubtful whether Russia can afford not to improve them in view of the suggestion of events and

MARSHAL TITO *at home* (left) *and among his people* (right). *He has modelled himself on other dictators in many respects. But in one—in standing up to Dictator Stalin—he surprised the world*

changes in mood which have taken place in Belgrade since the bombshell of 29 June when the Cominform resolution was published.

## Misinformation

I was in Prague a few days after that event. That same morning, at London airport, a Customs official whom I had told I was going to Yugoslavia, had said grimly: 'You had better hurry up or there won't be any Yugoslavia.' This false information which was to be found in the greater part of our press and which arose largely from Foreign Office sources and State Department circles, seems to have been monumental. They got the whole situation wrong. And the gossip from Vienna cafés, which gave out rumours as serious information, did not help much either.

There were stories of riots inside Yugoslavia beginning with the civil war and what not: 'Tito assassinated'; 'The whole of Central Europe is aghast that Tito hasn't crawled to Moscow yet.' Tito's closest associates or allegedly important Yugoslav personages, whose names on verification nobody ever heard of, were supposed to be leading the opposition against Tito. The Cominform had called upon the 'healthy elements' in Yugoslavia to do their best and they were doing it. It all turned out to be about ninety-nine per cent untrue. There was, it is true, some agitation among a few intellectuals and among a handful of Zujovic's friends in the army and elsewhere, but that was about all.

I found Prague in a state of considerable agitation. Yugoslav athletes had arrived for the Sokol Rally and there were pro-Tito and pro-Beneš demonstrations in the streets. The Czech diehard Communists were at first bewildered. Then they took a tough line. They became aware of the dangers of Titoism, which was not only winning support among all anti-government elements in the new democracies, but was also carrying away large numbers of the Communist rank and file. The new propaganda campaign, calculated to denounce Tito as a traitor and 'Tukhachevsky', was now being prepared.

What, in the meantime, has been happening in Belgrade? The Cominform resolution produced a characteristically

Yugoslav and especially Serb-Montenegrin reaction. A sense of national outrage swept the country. People who were here in 1941 tell me it was most reminiscent of the Yugoslav reaction at the news that Tsvetkovich had concluded a pact with Hitler. The whole business was a national insult. Whoever wrote the Cominform communiqué and decided on its publication cannot have known the first thing about the Yugoslav national character. Some Yugoslavs have been telling me that, from the internal point of view, this was a godsend to Tito.

Economic difficulties were piling up; the cost of living was going up; the government was becoming increasingly unpopular. Now they became a pro-national government overnight and Tito became a great national figure. In people's minds he had become somewhat dimmed during the last two years with the war receding and the country's economic difficulties getting greater. Psychologically, there is no doubt, an error of the first magnitude has been committed, according to all the evidence, by Perzhdanov, who was chief delegate at the Cominform Conference, and whose genius for treading on people's toes remains unsurpassed.

## Moscow's Charges

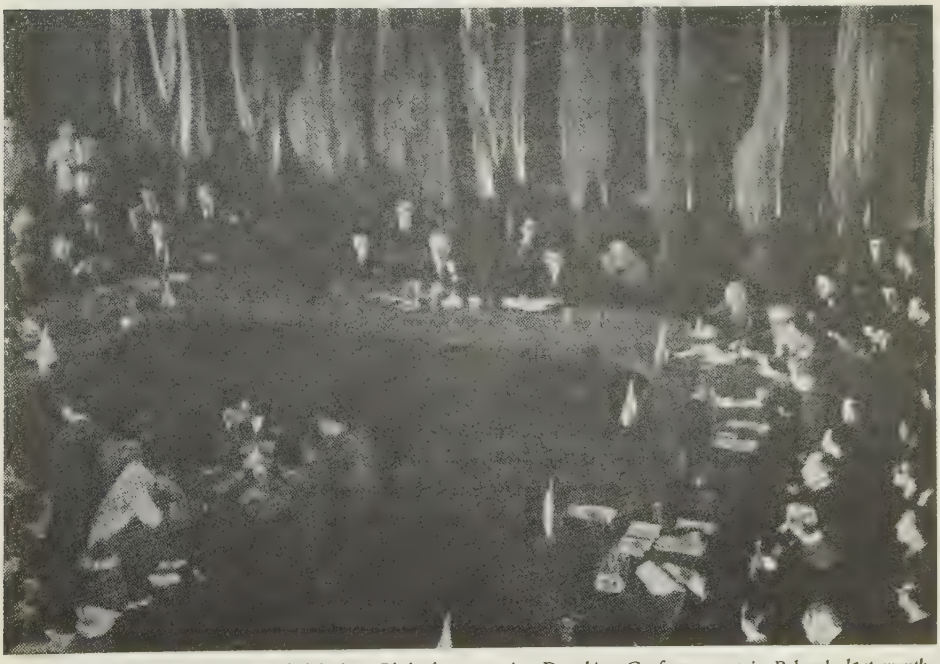
There was an interesting period between the Cominform attack and the meeting of the Communist Party Congress in Belgrade on 21 July. Leaders of the Communist Party took the offensive. Day after day, Djilas, Pijade and other leaders and theorists of the Yugoslav Communist Party filled the columns of *Borba*, demolishing the 'monstrous slander and lies' about the Cominform resolution on economics, agricultural or 'Turkish terrorism' inside party (this rankled particularly) and other matters. These articles were pugnacious. Insult after insult was showered—not on the Soviet Union which was carefully and studiously left out of the controversy, just as all the pictures of Stalin were left hanging in the shop windows—but on those

*A picture that went round the world. Enthusiastic Tito-followers rebuild the new Yugoslavia. But there was more propaganda than facts. The country's economy remains critical*

Communist leaders who, in Pijade's words, had talked during the war for four years to their people over the radio and, when the fighting was over, were delivered by aeroplane, smoking their pipes, to their respective capitals and set up as Premiers and Cabinet Ministers. All this was pretty insulting and one explanation for these violent sarcasms was probably that the Rumanians, Hungarians and Bulgars, who had appeared more catholic than the Pope, had been pouring a good deal of poison concerning the Yugoslavs into Russian ears. Some expressions of the Cominform Resolution are clearly Bulgarian, and such charges as 'Turk terrorists' are certainly not Russian in origin.

Yugoslavia is not merely a political but also an economic problem, and this is reflected in many ways. This eighty-per-cent agrarian country consists mostly of smallholders and fifty per cent Communist peasants. The co-operative movement is encouraged, but collectivisation is most distasteful to the peasants. Tito's view is that it is totally technically premature and that the necessary moral preparation for collectivisation is not needed. This was one cause of the quarrel with the Cominform. Another was the fact that the Five Year Plan was not progressing as well as one might imagine by looking at the photographs of enthusiastic youth brigades building bridges, roads, or erecting factory walls. The factory walls are ready, but there is no equipment to put in them. Yugoslavia must export foodstuffs and undernourish her own people if industrialisation is to proceed fairly rapidly and the capacities for such exports are not immense. Equipment and raw materials which come from the Eastern countries are not sufficient to speed up industrialisation. As a result there is a tendency not to force the pace more than the people are likely to stand.

Alternatively, of course, Yugoslavia could expand trade with the West. She is already trading largely with Italy, Switzerland, and would also like large-scale commercial relations with America. But here



*With Marshal Tito on 'diplomatic holiday' in Bled, the ten-nation Danubian Conference met in Belgrade last month. Vyshinsky led the East against the outnumbered West*

political considerations enter. The quarrel between Hebrang and Zujovic is one of the more obscure episodes of this whole business. But it seems clear that they committed two lots of sins in the leadership's eyes: they misinformed the Russians, and they also disagreed with the leadership regarding the possibilities of the Five Year Plan on its present basis. Many say that there is some truth in some of the Cominform charges but Russia was monstrously misinformed on the consequences of the Cominform's publication.

On 21 July the Yugoslav Communist Congress opened. Tito did something extremely characteristic. For eight hours he spoke of the glorious war record of his Party, even stressing that it was not the Red Army alone which helped Yugoslavia, but that Yugoslav partisans helped the Soviet Union in the hour of her greatest need. The delegates were practically all ex-soldiers, all obviously devoted to Tito. He himself was built up, not only as the great national hero, but also as the great ideological guide. Djilas said, on the second day of the Congress, Tito's speeches and writing were Yugoslavia's education. Stalin has not had such a literary competitor anywhere in any of the other new democracies. But Tito concluded on a fairly conciliatory note towards Russia and attacked junior members of the Cominform less violently than did the Yugoslav press.

Then, on the fifth day of Congress, came the bombshell. A member of the Steering Committee read out from *Rostrul* the 'abominable' *Pravda* article from Belgrade which had just been broadcast over the Moscow radio. It called Rankovic a 'Turkish terrorist' who had arrested 'doubtful' Communists so that the Congress was now composed entirely of Tito's yes-men. There was a fearful uproar and the story is told that Borzenko, a *Pravda* correspondent, was nearly violently ejected. But the incident had a curious psychological effect. Stalin's pictures were pasted up everywhere. Not a single word has been said against Stalin or even against the Central Committee. The Soviet Communist Party legend that the Cominform has nothing to do with Stalin was to be kept up, but to present Stalin as Yugoslavia's best friend was much more difficult. On the face of it, there has been no desire to quarrel with Russia even though—as the Cominform statement makes it abundantly clear—Russians would like to get rid of Tito, and even more so of Rankovic and Djilas. But the tone of Congress was somewhat lowered after the *Pravda* incident. It is believed that many rank and file Communists began to scratch their heads wondering whether the quarrel was not going too far. The resolutions passed were mild and seemed designed to meet some Cominform criticisms recommending greater democracy inside the Communist Party, more criticism, more self-criticisms, greater severity against Capitalist elements in the villages and their liquidation from the towns. But some peculiar Yugoslav features were preserved: one, for example, was not to mention the word 'collectivisation'. Also, towards the end of Congress, Karjelj made several orthodox speeches from the Soviet point of view.

That was the position when the Danube delegates began to arrive. Ominously, about the same time, Russian-printed pamphlets, giving the pre-history of the Cominform communiqué, were somewhat mysteriously distributed in Belgrade, giving the text of three letters from the Soviet Central Committee to the Yugoslav Central Committee in March, April and May. They were full of the most violent attacks on the Yugoslav leadership, particularly Djilas. The quarrel was clearly of long-standing nature and well-known in Moscow. Tito was never one of the Kremlin's favourites. But at the moment Moscow has clearly lost the first round. It cannot get rid of Tito. It may try to get rid of some smaller men in order to save its face. It may soon become clear whether Vyshinsky came to make peace or to intensify the war against Tito. But it is certain that the outcome of the conflict will be one of the greatest problems for the whole of Europe today.

UNITED NATIONS NATIONS UNIES

*A Message from*

# Mr. TRYGVE LIE

(the Secretary-General of the United Nations)

*to WORLD REVIEW*

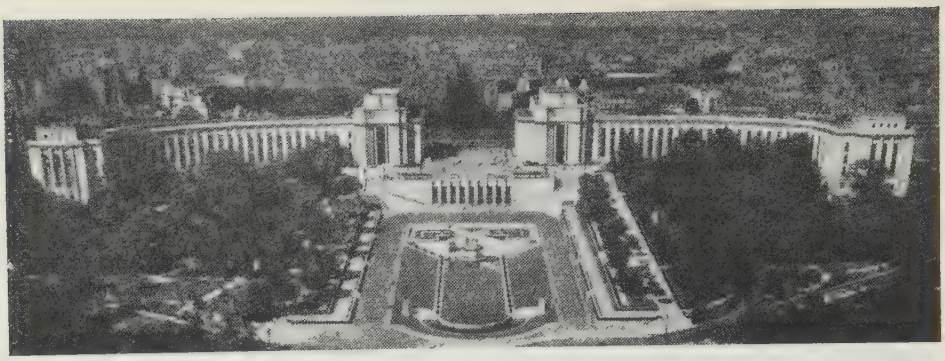
THE General Assembly of the United Nations, which is to take place in Paris this month, will be of very great importance to the United Nations and to the whole world.

It comes at a time of great political tension, when differences between some of the Great Powers seem to threaten the victory which we achieved by common, loyal effort a mere three years ago. At such a time the United Nations stands, and must continue to stand, as a link between all of the nations, no matter what their temporary differences may be, and as an ever-present, living guarantee that those differences shall not bring humanity to another Great War.

It is a fortunate thing, I feel, for the General Assembly to be held in Europe at this time. It should serve to remind the peoples of Europe of the close association which they have with the United Nations and of the deep responsibility which they bear for its success. It will also serve to remind non-Europeans of the responsibility which the United Nations as a whole bears for the revival of Europe and for its future wellbeing.

The people of Europe can make this the occasion for instructing themselves in regard to the United Nations, for expressing their support for the United Nations, and for showing their belief in the United Nations. I hope that they will take full advantage of the opportunity.

*Secretary-General*



*The Palais de Chaillot in Paris, the scene of the meeting place of the General Assembly later this month*

# The United Nations and Peace

**The author of this article, the Assistant and Foreign Editor of *The Manchester Guardian* and a frequent broadcaster, is generally considered one of our ablest political commentators**

JOHN DOUGLAS PRINGLE

THE United Nations will always be judged by the answer to one question: Can it prevent war? It is little use its apologists saying, as they said in defence of the League of Nations before it, 'Well, perhaps not—but think what admirable work it has done in suppressing the white slave traffic in South America or in controlling the sale of drugs in the Near East.' These are admirable functions which save much human misery but they are not the essential thing. Moreover, they could be dealt with by agreement between nations without any international organisation at all. It is little use even to say, 'Well, the United Nations can prevent little wars. We think—we hope—we have stopped one in Kashmir; at this very moment we have a commission on the frontiers of Greece.' These things are not negligible; they deserve every support; but they are not the heart of the matter. The vital question is whether the United Nations—or any other world organisation in the future—can stop the great wars, the wars between the Great Powers which threaten to destroy our civilisation.

The men who drafted the Charter of the United Nations at San Francisco, and especially the Governments of Britain, Russia and the United States, hoped that this question would never be asked. Flushed with victory, deceived by the easy friendship of Allies in a common struggle, they believed that the Great Powers would

stand together in peace as in war to enforce law and order in the world. They believed, in the words of the United States Secretary of State at the time, 'that the maintenance of peace, and not merely its restoration, depends primarily upon the unity of the Great Powers.' And they wrote the Charter of the United Nations on this assumption. That is why they insisted that the Security Council should be able to make no important decision without the unanimous votes of its five permanent members or, in other words, that is why they gave the right of veto to each of the Great Powers.

In the light of what has happened, this appears as a terrible blunder. Yet it is doubtful whether the Charter would have been very different even if the statesmen of the Great Powers had foreseen the fatal quarrels which would so soon divide them. There are two reasons for this. One is the reluctance of all the Great Powers—and not only of Russia—to abandon any part of their sovereignty and to submit their fate to the votes of other nations; the second is a fundamental doubt whether the principle of collective security can be successfully applied to Great Powers at all.

The idea of collective security is simple and, in theory, convincing. It is that peace is indivisible and that any threat to one nation is a threat to all. If every nation, therefore, binds itself in advance to stand by the victim of aggression and to resist the aggressor by force, their united strength will be overwhelming. No nation, it is argued, not even the strongest, can stand against the world in arms.

## A Concert of Powers

On the whole, however, experience suggests that once a great nation achieves a preponderance of power in a certain area, its small neighbours will not resist it, if they can avoid doing so, and the threat of collective action from the rest of the world is too remote and uncertain to deter it from going to war if it is determined to attack. Moreover, war is such a serious thing, especially when Great Powers are involved, that no nation will bind itself in advance to fight unless it feels itself vitally threatened. At San Francisco, therefore, the Great Powers—rightly or wrongly—decided that there were practical limits to collective security, that a Great Power could not be deterred from war by vague threats of collective action, and that the only thing to do was to hope for the best and trust to the unity and friendship of the Allies. For lesser nations they prescribed collective security; for themselves they preferred consultation and conference. The result was unfair, no doubt, but it was not without practical wisdom. As it stands today, the United Nations is a Concert of Great Powers hopefully superimposed upon a framework of collective security.

Now that these hopes have proved false and these assumptions mistaken, are we to abandon the United Nations as useless? I do not think so. There was a moment, about twelve months ago, when this seemed to be the policy of Mr. Marshall and the United States Government. An effort was made to get rid of the veto and, when that proved impossible, to get round it by means of the 'Little Assembly'. It seemed possible that the Western Powers would force matters to a point where Russia and her Allies would either have to leave the United Nations altogether or the Western Powers would try to build up a new organisation inside the United Nations unhampered by the veto and directed against Soviet Russia. Recently, however, there has been a change. On 5 May this year, Mr. Marshall made a very wise speech to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives disclaiming any such intention. As he said: 'It is not changes in the form of international intercourse which we now require but changes of substance.' No conceivable amendments to the Charter could end the conflict between East and West though they might easily make it worse. Not even an entirely new organisation could make the Western Allies stronger if they had not the arms, the unity and common will to stand together. Moreover, even if the

United Nations is a disappointment, even if it cannot prevent war at present, it still has some value as a safety valve, a meeting place, the last connecting link between East and West. It might yet be used to avoid a final breakdown in Germany, to give the diplomats more time and an excuse to continue negotiations. And both in the Assembly which meets this month in Paris, and in all its subsidiary organs, it provides the habit of conference and co-operation between nations which may be more important than it seems.

But because we cannot usefully change the United Nations now, it does not mean that we should not look ahead. One day, perhaps sooner than we imagine, the United Nations must be changed or a new and better organisation put in its place. Many people believe that no organisation of sovereign states can secure peace at all and that only some form of world government can do this. They may well be right. Certainly I will not attempt to argue against them here. I can only say that at present world government seems to me so remote that one must assume that, for a long time to come, sovereign states will remain the normal unit of power.

## A Forum of Negotiation

The most probable development, I believe, is that the nations will seek their security less in the United Nations than in regional agreements or alliances within the United Nations. That is allowed in the Charter and is the declared aim of the British and United States Governments. The United Nations will continue as it is now with more emphasis on the so-called 'subsidiary organs', such as the Social and Economic Council, and less on the Security Council. But the Security Council and the Assembly will still play an important part as a semi-permanent international conference, a sounding-board for statesmen, 'a forum of negotiation' (to quote Mr. Marshall again) 'where charges or distortions are held answerable, where violations of treaty obligations must meet the verdict of world opinion, and where those responsible must answer for their conduct.'

The one doubt I have is whether the system of voting is suitable for this purpose. I am not now referring to the veto, which could easily be amended so that it would interfere less with normal business —providing, of course, Soviet Russia agreed—but with the system of voting at all. It is often forgotten that this is quite new. Before 1914 it never occurred to statesmen that sovereign nations should vote at international conferences or that the minority could be bound by the decision of the majority. Governments tried to find some common basis of agreement by means of bargaining and concessions, and if they could not, they agreed to differ. Even when the Covenant of the League of Nations was drafted in 1919, the idea seemed so revolutionary that all-important questions required a unanimous vote—that is to say, every nation and not only the Great Powers, had the right of veto. The conception of decisions by majority vote is the most revolutionary part of the United Nations.

But is it wise? It is based on the theory, the rather implausible theory, of the equality of sovereign nations. Now the equality of man may not be true, but it is based on a respectable moral and philosophical foundation and it provides a sound working rule for political action. The equality of nations is not. It is even inconsistent. What justice is to be found in making the vote of Panama, with its 600,000 people, equal to that of the Soviet Union, with its 170,000,000? If we are to have voting at all—and admittedly it is an enormous practical convenience to do so—should not States be given a varying number of votes according to the size of their population, their industrial development, the contribution they are prepared to make to an international force and so on? Such a formula would not be easy to work out but it would not be impossible; it is already used in certain international organisations like the International Labour Office.

That is the first point. The second difficulty is the habit of bloc voting which has

been so marked a feature of the United Nations so far. It must be remembered that the Assembly is not a world Parliament. Democracy works only when there is a certain homogeneity, when all parties are more or less agreed on the fundamentals of political theory. These conditions, alas! are totally lacking in the United Nations, as they were, for instance, in India and Palestine before the partitions. Democracy works in England partly because of custom and tradition, but largely because even now Conservatives and Socialists are agreed on the main principles of parliamentary government and free speech. Conservatives obey the Labour Government because they trust it not to destroy these principles, and also because they hope, not without reason, that at the next election, or the one after, their turn will come and they will be in power. None of these things applies to the United Nations. Not only does the Russian bloc hold totally different views on every point of principle but they are in a permanent minority. No argument, no election, can alter this. The Soviet Government clings obstinately to its right of veto because it knows that, when a question is put to the vote, it will always be defeated by the Western Powers and their small allies.

Thirdly, decision by majority votes may, and sometimes does, encourage governments to be intransigent. Instead of making concessions in an attempt to reach a compromise, they prefer to stick to their full claims in the hope of getting a majority or nations to vote for them. This was well illustrated last year by the Palestine dispute. But in the end it is the countries which lie together which must live together, and the views of, say, Belgium and Finland will not help Bolivia and Peru to agree on a boundary dispute. The United Nations must, if it is to fulfil its purpose, be able to protect small nations from the bullying of great neighbours, but it should not be asked to adjudicate between rival claims without a genuine effort by the disputants to compromise.

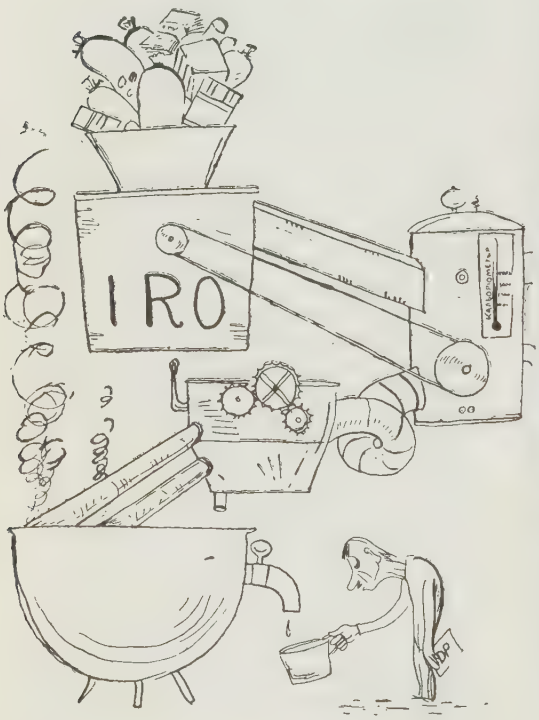
For all these reasons, therefore, it would

TRYGVE LIE, *the man who controls the temper of the United Nations*

be unwise at the present stage to insist too much on votes and voting and to overstrain the United Nations by asking it to decide on every dispute. That may be possible one day, though not, I think, without the introduction of plural voting; for the moment we must rely on the old techniques of conference and compromise, of conciliation and co-operation. We must accustom sovereign States to the calm discussion of their problems without the threat of sanctions or the dramatic compulsion of a vote. If I am asked, therefore, the question I put first: Can the United Nations as at present constituted prevent war between the Great Powers?—I must answer 'No.' If I am asked: Could any other form of international organisation prevent war?—I must say 'No' again. But if I am asked: Has the United Nations any value? Can it help to change the climate of opinion and soften the differences which at present divided the Great Powers?—then I say, 'Yes, a thousand times Yes.' And, given time, I do not see why we should not work out a new and stronger organisation which will one day bring peace to the world.

OVERLOADED — *Christian Science Monitor*

OKAY, HONEY—PUT IT ON — *Washington Post*

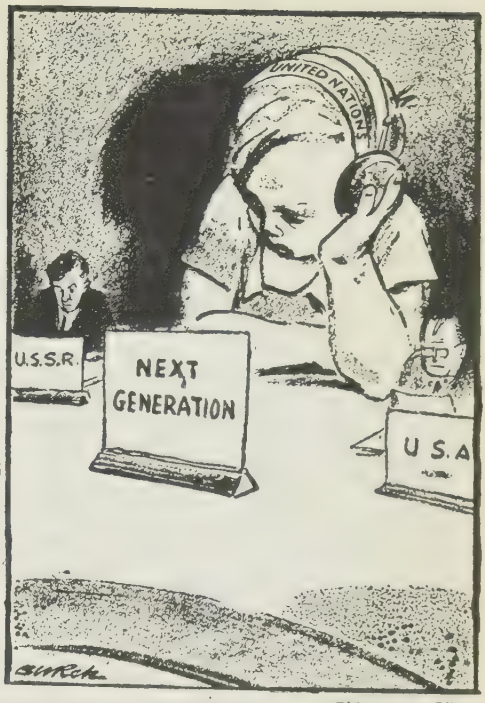



IRO SUPPORT TO D.P.'S — *Iys Mykyta* (Ukraine)

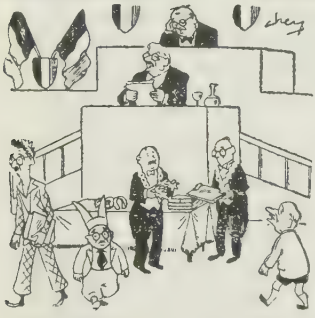
*New York Daily Mirror*

# WORLD SAID!

START OF AN OAK — *St. Louis Post-Despatch*




WORLD DELEGATE AT LARGE — *Chicago Sun-Times*



Prize Distribution: FIRST PRIZE FOR PARLIAMENTARY GYMNASTICS — Robert Schuman
*La France Hebdomadaire*

THE NEW RECRUIT — *Pravda* (Moscow)

THE RE-EDUCATION OF GERMANY — *France-Amerique*

# *Culture and Education in a World Order*

## *or* IS UNESCO FAILING IN ITS OBJECTIVE?

HERBERT READ

WRITING to Nietzsche sixty years ago, the Danish critic, Georg Brandes, rejected the title, 'an apostle of culture', which Nietzsche had wished to confer on him. 'All apostolic mission-work has become to me an abomination,' he said; 'I am acquainted with only moralising missionaries, and I am afraid that I am not altogether orthodox in my belief as to what is understood by culture. Is there anything at all inspiring in our culture taken as a whole, and who can conceive of an apostle without inspiration?'

To this Nietzsche replied: 'You should not repudiate the expression "apostle of culture". In these days one cannot be more of an apostle of culture than by making a mission of his unbelief in culture.'

I must warn you that I set out from this same point of view. Naturally I speak as a European, and it is possible that my point of view is not only limited, but even enveloped in a spectacular twilight. In 1887 culture in Europe was an established order, a monumental structure of prosperous cities and peaceful universities, of respected scholars and popular poets, of universal exhibitions and expanding knowledge. . . . Tasteless and stupid as it might be, exasperating to geniuses like Nietzsche, Brandes and Burckhardt, yet it did exist—solid, self-satisfied, and apparently everlasting.

When we survey the intellectual life of Europe today, the contrast is overwhelming. Great cities are in ruins and scholars are scattered; the very instruments of culture—libraries, printing presses, paper factories—have been destroyed or lack means to carry on. In the past such material difficulties have often constituted a challenge which, to adopt Toynbee's formula, has provoked a cultural response. But nowhere in Europe today can we find convincing evidence either of a vital movement of ideas or of an affirmative attitude in the arts. Europe is materially bankrupt and mentally exhausted. We cannot escape the conclusion that the epoch which began with the Renaissance, and which has formed a coherent tradition for more than five centuries, is now at an end. It is not a question of violent destruction, or of political disruption. These are the visible consequences of two world wars within a period of thirty years. Invisibly an inner disease, a canker, as we call it, has been eating away the sources of our European vitality, and any realistic diagnosis must recognise that the cure is not one which can be adequately defined by words like 'planning' and 'reconstruction'. A new source of vitality, springing up within the body itself, must be discovered and released. It is not now a question of making a mission of one's unbelief in culture: culture in that sense is dead or dying, and what we must now consider is the possible germination of a new culture.

The notion of a doomed civilisation has been current for some time, and a form of historicism which gives to civilisation an organic life-cycle has been characteristic of our age. The most pessimistic of these philosophers of history, Oswald Spengler, offers us no hope, no remission of our doom. Arnold Toynbee, the English

philosopher of history, is not so pessimistic—he admits that an upward tilt in the declining graph of civilisation may be possible if we can become sufficiently conscious of our plight, and take appropriate action. A similar attitude is taken up by the Swiss psychologist, C. G. Jung, and his diagnosis is all the more valuable in that he indicates certain methods of cure. I might mention other analyses and prescriptions of equal profundity—those of Alfred Weber and Karl Jaspers, for example—but they all agree in this: the only hope of saving our civilisation lies in the spiritual or psychological sphere; civilisation, that is to say, is dependent on culture—unless as a people we find a new vision, we shall perish.

## The Aims of UNESCO

Into this world situation, universally recognised as desperate, there has stepped an official body called the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation—UNESCO for short—one of the specialised agencies provided for in the Charter of the United Nations. Its first general conference was held in Paris in November 1946, and its constitution was then ratified. It has established its secretariat in Paris and is now building up an organisation of considerable size and of almost unlimited scope.

UNESCO has been created as an immediate consequence of the war, and it is obvious from its printed Constitution that the prevention of future wars is regarded as its primary task. That Constitution opens with these words: 'The Governments of the States parties to this Constitution on behalf of their Peoples declare: that since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed;' and it goes on to assert that:

'. . . ignorance of each other's ways and lives has been a common cause, throughout the history of mankind, of that suspicion and distrust between the peoples of the world through which their differences have all too often broken into war.'

The Constitution of UNESCO then announces the measures it will take to promote the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind. They include:

'full and equal opportunities for education for all;

'the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth;

'the free exchange of ideas and knowledge;

'the development and increase in means of communication;'

or, more specifically:

'the free flow of ideas by word and image through all means of mass communication;

'the giving of a fresh impulse to popular education and the spread of culture;

'the suggesting of educational methods best suited to prepare children for the responsibilities of freedom;

'the maintenance, increase and diffusion of knowledge, by assuring the conservation and protection of the world's inheritance of books, works of art and monuments of history and science; international exchange of persons active in the fields of education, science and culture; exchange of publications, objects of artistic and scientific interest and other materials of information; international co-operation calculated to give the people of all countries access to the printed and published materials produced by any of them.'

These purposes and functions are based on two unconscious assumptions: that culture is a concrete material which can be disposed of, handed around, bartered like butter or steel; and secondly, that this material culture is already stored up in universities and museums, waiting, like corn in Egypt, to be distributed to the hungry masses. Whereas, in reality, culture is a spiritual growth for the most part very lowly, like the grass in the fields, but growing here and there into tall, fruitful trees, rooted nevertheless in the soil; and culture, being this indigenous and perishable organic life, can only be uprooted and diffused by artificial means, and in a state of artificial preservation. To continue the metaphor, and to give you the substance of what I am going to maintain, it is only the seeds of culture that can be

JULIAN HUXLEY, *the Director-General of* UNESCO

diffused with any pervasive or creative result.

Before going on to lay bare my own assumptions, I will now venture to characterise the ideals which have presided at the creation of UNESCO a little more precisely. UNESCO is a reincarnation of the Institute for Intellectual Co-operation and the International Bureau of Education, bodies which functioned before the war under the ægis of the League of Nations. The deliberations of these bodies were conducted on a plane of intellectual abstraction —they were international debating societies with absolutely no effect on the course of events. It is true that they carried out some useful technical research—on the cleaning of paintings or the architecture of museums, for example—but their deliberations did not reach the common man, and their effect on the cultural situation in Europe was *nil*. It is too early yet to charge UNESCO with the same intellectual bias and seclusion; but the programme it has announced already betrays an academic character; its policy so far shows the same reliance on conferences and committees; and in general there is the same tendency to confuse culture with learning, and education with propaganda. It has already been announced that one of the main campaigns of UNESCO will be directed against illiteracy. Here we see the prejudice of the scientific humanist, and scientific humanism is undoubtedly the intellectual atmosphere in which UNESCO has been conceived and is now being directed. Now, to the scientific humanist it is axiomatic that knowledge—in the sense of knowledge about the structure of the universe, the facts of life, history, geography and economics—constitutes the basis of human progress and that it should therefore be as widely diffused as possible. If every inhabitant of the globe could be taught to read and write, and if UNESCO could provide them with what are called 'objective textbooks of history', then the problem of the solidarity of mankind would seem to the scientific humanist to be largely solved.

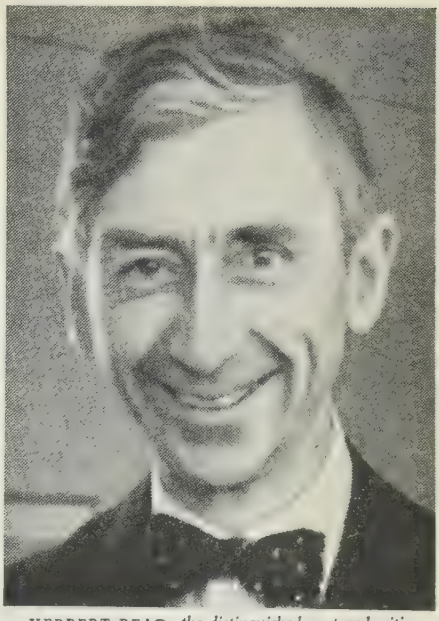
The fallacy which underlies this type of reasoning is a heritage of our cultural development since the Renaissance, and is due to the separation which then took place between intellectual and moral education. The ancient Greek philosophers, particularly Plato and Aristotle, had always insisted that the minds and the emotions of children should be trained *pari passu*, in equal measure, step by step; and that if there were any question of priority, then the education of the emotions, moral or ethical education, should come first. The ideal put forward by UNESCO—'the unrestricted pursuit of objective truth'—would have been regarded by them as an extremely dangerous ideal. Objective truth, they would have said, must never be separated from subjective truth. Indeed, its scope should never exceed the limits set by subjective truth. The limits set by subjective truth are moral limits—limits, that is to say, determined by our sense of the good life, by our sense of a measure or harmony in the emotional and practical aspects of living.

What has happened since the Middle Ages is a gradual separation of these educational spheres. Owing to the identification

of morality and religion—an identification which is an historical development, and has nothing to do with the essential nature of these two categories—the Christian church established its claim to control the moral education of children. This was satisfactory so long as the church also controlled the intellectual education of children. Within the Christian *Weltanschauung*, a development of the whole man was possible. But in the course of time, with the growth of scientific humanism and secularism, the church relinquished its control over intellectual education, retaining only the sphere of moral education.

The situation was bad enough in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, for example—when these two systems of education proceeded efficiently but independently. You then had two opposed but equally strong forces competing for the control of society—a Bossuet or a Fénelon gradually yielding to Voltaire, Rousseau and the Encyclopædists. During the nineteenth century, and at an increasing pace during our own century, the Christian Church lost its authority within the States of Europe, and as a consequence it relinquished its essential function in society, the moral education of children. For all practical purposes moral education, in all but a few isolated communities, has entirely disappeared from our modern civilisation.

The natural assumption is that, in order to restore moral education, we must re-establish the educational authority of the churches. But that is to forget that there is no essential connection between moral education, as defined by pagan philosophers like Plato and Aristotle, and religious belief as required by the Christian Church. In other words, it is logically conceivable, and in my opinion practically possible, to re-establish moral education without waiting for a religious revival. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that a religious revival, if that is our desire, is not conceivable until there has been a moral re-education of mankind. Ecstatic conversions, blind emotional drives such as we associate with



HERBERT READ, *the distinguished poet and critic*

names like Billy Sunday or Aimée MacPherson, do not lead to the establishment of true religion, which always requires, according to its profoundest theologians, the grounding of faith in reason; nor do religious revivals of a sectarian character necessarily promote social unity.

But it is morality itself, as a concept, which must first be revised. It has become hopelessly entangled with religious emotion and with a purely rationalistic or legalistic codification of right and wrong. But morality is neither a mystery nor a judgment. It is the exercise of a free choice. It is a spontaneous act of volition, and the only problem, as Plato realised, and as later educationists like Pestalozzi and Herbart realised, is how to ensure that the will always jumps instinctively, so to speak, in the right direction.

The basis of morality is not in faith nor in reason, but in a particular kind of discipline. Discipline is no mystery: it is a mechanism. The scientists call it a conditioned reflex. But everything, of course, depends on what our reflexes are conditioned to. Pavlov conditioned his dogs to respond to the ringing of a bell. By various

experiments of that kind he could produce in animals, not merely a measurable flow of saliva, but complex emotional states corresponding to psychopathic symptoms in human beings. Human children can be conditioned even more easily than dogs and, because of their wide range of sensibility and intelligence, with infinitely subtler results. Modern psychologists, not to mention modern propagandists, recognise the perfect feasibility of conditioning the human mind, especially the still plastic mind of the child, to pre-determined patterns of thought and behaviour. The crucial question is the choice of the patterns. They can be arbitrary or ideological—the patterns imposed by the Jesuit, the Communist or the Nazi; but they can also be physical, when, if they are good patterns, we call them beautiful. The prototypes for such physical patterns are found in the objective world, in nature, in the formal structure of organic and inorganic phenomena. It was to the imitation of these prototypes that Plato first directed our attention. To come straight to the point, these prototypes are the patterns of virtue, to which all children should be conditioned. The whole burden of Plato's theory of education is to the effect that if only we bring up children in the contemplation of universal forms, in the practice of graceful and harmonious movements, in the active making of beautiful objects, then these children will instinctively recognise and choose goodness when they see it. Æsthetic education develops ethical virtue.

## The Moral Principle

At this point it might be objected that UNESCO does recognise the need for a moral policy in declaring that 'the defences of peace must be constructed . . . in the minds of men', and again in speaking of the need to establish the 'democratic principles of the dignity, equality and mutual respect of men', principles which are surely of a moral nature. But UNESCO, it will then be said, cannot intervene in matters so full of prejudice and irrationality as the moral discipline of nations. 'The unrestricted pursuit of objective truth' is one thing—that is the famous objectivity of science, a logical positivism to which all nations, races and creeds must, if committed to the ideals of scientific humanism, give their assent. But a moral integrity of universal scope—a social unanimity in which white man and black man, Chinese and Eskimos, Capitalists and Communists, Christians and Buddhists, rationalists and mystics freely participate—that is not a project within the scope of UNESCO!

## Creative Channels

But that is the only project which would secure the aims set forth by such an organisation. If 'wars begin in the minds of men', they are not to be prevented by card-indexes and encyclopædias, by documentary films and the circulation of lecturers. The minds of men are controlled only by some form of moral discipline. The question, therefore, is whether UNESCO can discover an effective method of securing the instinctive observance of certain moral disciplines. It is 'a tall order', but it has been attempted before. I have already referred to the methods of education proposed by Plato and Aristotle, which they would have considered of universal application. I might now refer to those moral disciplines which have been the practical aspect of religions with a universal claim such as Buddhism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. It is, of course, before the still powerful and conflicting claims of such religions that UNESCO hesitates to assert its authority. Even if eventually it has behind it the sanction of the United Nations and the atomic bomb itself, it will hardly venture to assert its authority against an arbitrary interpretation of the voice of God. The unrestricted pursuit of objective truth at this point comes into conflict with that other aim announced by UNESCO—universal respect for the human rights and fundamental freedoms of the peoples of the world, without distinction of race, sex, language or religion.

This moral revolution cannot be secured by intellectual propaganda addressed to

minds already corrupted beyond redemption. A moral revolution is a total reorientation of the human personality, and can only be secured by two methods which might be called (1) integration, and (2) education.

But *education*, it will be said, is the primary object of UNESCO: it has first place in its title and strongest emphasis in its objectives. But what I mean by education, and what UNESCO means, are entirely different—the difference, in short, between *moral* and *intellectual* education.

Further, the methods of moral education which I propose are not the methods usually advocated by ethical and religious organisations. Like these organisations, I recognise certain moral values—justice, charity, freedom—but I do not believe that these values can be realised or preserved by the methods adopted by the Churches. You can formulate moral precepts, tables of law, commandments, and these can be enforced by threats of punishment and eternal damnation. In this way, instincts which are socially inconvenient are driven underground where they fester until they become destructive forces, erupting like volcanoes with disastrous effects. Nothing has been so clearly demonstrated by modern psychology as the reciprocal relationship between frustration and aggression, both in the individual and in society.

What is necessary, for our personal and social health, is some method of guiding the instinctive energies of man into positive, creative channels, so that no feelings of frustration ensue. That method is known as 'sublimation', 'the integration of the personality', and should be a normal phase of education—a natural process which every person undergoes without strain or compulsion. When, as in the case of the vast majority of adults in our diseased societies, that natural process of integration has never been achieved—has never, indeed, been attempted—then some form of analysis, and some method of therapy become necessary. We have to call in the physician.

Let us ignore for the moment the desperate position of those who are already afflicted with psychic disorders, and ask what form education should take if we would avoid those disorders in the future.

When Plato and Aristotle insist on the priority of moral education, they are assuming that knowledge and power—all the attributes of science and learning—are not merely ineffective, but positively dangerous, unless used to promote the wellbeing of mankind. It is surely not necessary to demonstrate that axiom to a world cowering under the threat of the atom bomb! But in our present state of moral indecision, or moral *atrophy* as it should be called, no universal (i.e. politically effective) recognition is given to any moral values; or such recognition as is given is of a purely intellectual character, and has no emotional sanction. We recognise evil when it is objective—that is to say, when its social consequences are evident to our senses; but there is no compulsion to pursue good; good deeds are private deeds and are supposed to be their own rewards. We might say that our civilisation has no natural habits of goodness—only certain intellectual concepts of goodness, some of which we try to enforce by legal sanctions.

## Æsthetic Activities

Positive virtue is active virtue, and active virtue reveals itself in a certain way of life, a natural happiness or playfulness which has almost disappeared from the world today. We may find the pattern of such a civilisation in some remote corner of the globe—perhaps in the island of Bali, in some Mexican village, or in an Eskimo's igloo—not in the so-called civilised world, not in Europe. We might do worse than go to the Balinese for a lesson in the art of living, for there we should find preserved the two essential secrets of moral education—intimacy and activity. For we cannot expect to create a moral consciousness by means of what UNESCO calls 'mass media'—the radio, the press and the cinema. Nor can we create a moral influence by words

if we confine words to their intellectual usage. The essential means are, as Plato argued, æsthetic activities: the sense of goodness and nobility is inculcated, ingrained in the living substance of the human being by the practice of concrete arts, which alone have that basis of harmony and rhythm which is inherent in nature.

We cannot imagine UNESCO, or any organisation, committing itself to a programme which would involve—let me be quite clear about it—the reform of all existing academic institutions, a complete breakaway from a pedagogic tradition which had its origins in the Revival of Learning. Universities, academies, colleges, polytechnics, laboratories, institutes and gymnasia — even our day schools and kindergartens—represent vested interests of great antiquity and power. It would be easier to disband the armies and navies of the world than the forces which administer our educational systems. They must be left to die a natural death. The new institutions, the new methods of education, the inspired pedagogues who must precede a new civilisation will spring up piecemeal, in isolated and unexpected places.

Independence, freedom, law and art—these are all implicit in æsthetic education, and it is only in so far as we oppose æsthetic education to scientific education, and to intellectual education in the tradition of the Renaissance, oppose it as a complete and adequate substitute for these bankrupt traditions, that any hope can be entertained for the future of our European culture. The renewal must be a moral renewal, springing up in the private life and family circles of humble people; it must be a product of their earliest education and a constant habit of their upbringing. The only habit that is ennobling, penetrating to the frame and physique as well as the soul of man, is the creative activity in all its rituals, exercises, festivities and practical services. What men do makes them what they are; *how* they do what they do determines the quality of what they are; and it is only when the doing is raised to the dignity of a regular or ritualistic art that it penetrates into the deepest recesses of the soul.

The rebirth of a tragic sense of life; the re-emergence of transcendental forces so long frustrated by the lawless expansion of competitive instincts, by crude materialism or by the elimination of human sympathy from the processes of thought; the restoration to life of significant play and ritual; a moral healthiness which is affirmative, and not an inhibition of all vitality; a sense of personal freedom and a consequent responsibility for the endowment of one's own fate with values; all these changes are involved as groundwork for a new civilisation. But it is unlikely that these deep, subtle and intimate changes can be brought about by secretariats and committees, by international conferences and polyglot organisations. They will be born in solitude, in meditation; in the family circle and in the nursery school; in the field and in the factory; in the face of specific problems and by conscious discipline; in creative community and in communal creations; in drama and in the building of new cities; in dance and song; in moments of mutual understanding and love. For all these moments and occasions, all that we need ask is peace in our time and an end to the exploitation of man by man.

But (and this is the bitter truth we must accept) these intimate occasions are not created within an artificial hegemony of nations. They are not a necessary consequence of the unity of nations: a unity of nations can only be a consequence of them. So we must begin with small things, in diverse ways, helping one another, discovering one's own peace of mind, waiting for the understanding that flashes from one peaceful mind to another. In that way the separate cells will take shape, will be joined to one another, will manifest new forms of social organisation and new types of art. From that multiplicity and diversity, that dynamic interplay and emulation, a new culture may arise, and mankind be united as never before in the consciousness of a common destiny.

# Notes on Provence

**They live in, and by, the sun in this rich, sleepy country, where Van Gogh painted his fiery cornfields and where time seems to stand still under the cypress trees**

ROBIN KING

After nearly eight hours of uncomfortable travelling, one catches one's first glimpse of Provence in the early hours of the morning. Through the carriage window the first cypress trees, the olives, the flat vineyards stretching as far as the mountains, the pink sugar-cake houses all emerge in the bluish light of dawn, watery and swollen, as yet indistinct, like marine-life seen in tropical water. The three Chinamen and their wives, who shared our compartment, looked at the scene without interest, yawning; they were going to Shanghai, after years in France, and already, in their minds at least, they were there. That night they had had the strange idea of going out into the corridor, changing into pyjamas of great elegance, and returning to sit bolt upright in their seats; and now, in the unreal half light of morning, with a strong smell of musk and sandalwood staining the air, their faces pinched and tired with travel, they had a macabre appearance as though they did not belong to life, but to some oriental catacomb. The women coughed and fidgeted, arranging the tinsel stars in their hair which had gone awry in the night; their faces had somehow lost their yellow tautness of the day before—they looked like any women who had been caught unawares without their make-up. Through the window the first rays of sun lit up the fields, the half-naked bodies of the workmen going to work, the silent groves; Avignon came and went, and finally Marseilles turned what had been so long the present into the past.

From Marseilles along the hard, white road, through small villages, for twenty kilometres or so, to Aix-en-Provence, one feels at once a shifting of values, of perspective, of tastes and interests. Few people seem ever to have described the kind of internal somnolence which the harsh blaze of Provençal light induces in the traveller who has been used to the nervous twilight of London. Here there is nothing but a constant whiteness before the eyes, a pressure of heat which, in the summer, gives everything—the streets, the people, the cafés, the fields of corn—the vividness of an hallucination. It is like seeing the light for the first time after years of darkness. Detail has an unusual sharpness; the houses are either bone white or inky black in shadow; there are no misty half-tones, no delicate shades of colour, only violent primary reds, blues and whites. On either side of the road as we went by taxi to Le Tholonet, a small village a few miles from Aix, the hard, red soil, which in ordinary years is as sterile and dry as the Sahara, was covered in a jungle of green vegetation. Weeds six feet high, wild scabias, crimson poppies like patches of blood in the cornfields, huge purple-headed thistles, hedges of hawthorn and honeysuckle, gave the olive groves, paths and fields an unfamiliar luxuriance.

'Ah,' the taxi-driver said, 'it's because we've had storms, terrible storms.' He shook his head sadly. 'People have been killed.'

It wasn't until much later that we discovered the extent to which the storms of lightning, that came over the hills like an assassin, had affected the locality. It appeared that trees had been blasted, people

*Above the decadence and the passions of Aix-en-Provence rises the modern building of the town's University*

stripped of their clothes, or killed, and the soil, which at this time of the year was like a red powder, submerged under water. But for the moment the blaze of light, the blue sky like a sea of burning brandy, seemed unquenchable.

There is no doubt that the best way of seeing Provence is on foot. One soon gets used to doing without expensive hotels, baths, shaving, restaurant food. At Le Tholonet one gets under the superficial mechanics of civilised life to something that is strangely tranquil and essentially primitive. The village itself is a kind of Shangri-La, cut off from the rest of the world by a circle of hills, inhabited by a small, remote community of peasants whose only absorbing topic is the wine-harvest or the price of olive oil; one gets the impression that nothing has changed here for centuries. Zola, who knew the region well, scornfully described them as 'intermarrying with a shameful promiscuity', and called them 'a people apart, born of the soil. . . .' Certainly everybody seems to be a relative of everybody else, and though there is a high proportion of mental idiots and drunkards, on the whole they are a tough, suspicious, and highly indolent race. They live in, and by, the sun; their lives start and end with it, and beyond the blazing horizon there is nothing but other small communities (where one might discover a remote cousin), the savage slopes, the mountains of Sainte-Baume, the valley de L'Arc, and hill upon hill of pinewoods. As one looks more closely into their lives, one comes across origins of pagan habit: the worship of the sun, wine, the fertility of the earth (which here has got tired and used up from lack of water and over-cultivation), sexual excesses, a disbelief in anything that cannot be seen, touched and weighed. But here and there one gets a shock, such as the Tholonet churchyard, for instance, where one discovers something that seems entirely out of character. The graves of the dead relatives and friends are monstrosities of modern vulgarity; ornate and hideous pagoda-like private chapels—where you can lock yourself in and pray—rise above the wild flowers and clash with the simplicity of the landscape. More macabre are the photographs of the dead which stare back at you from above their remains: here a young girl, smiling with feeble self-consciousness into the face of the camera, her hand caressing a small poodle; there a snapshot, stuck to a tombstone, of an old woman without teeth, dressed in the fashion of half-a-century before, looking grimly at you from the past: a soldier from three wars back gazing with a kind of nostalgic fierceness at the graves of two recent German soldiers. And everywhere a kind of torture in the strained wire hoops of flowers, the expressions of pious hope frozen in marble, the terrible white busts which seem not so much the expression of a private regret as the mass production of a monumental mason without taste. In comparison with the wild pines beyond the graveyard, the smell of mint and thyme, the wild flowers and the crimson earth, it seemed nothing less than an outrage.

## The Spiritually Displaced

What is perhaps most surprising about this remote region around Le Tholonet, and in Aix itself, is the number of spiritually-displaced persons one meets from all over the world. Walking through the lanes to the distant Château of Vauvenargues, one thinks one is alone and far from any habitation, then suddenly one comes

across a man crouched over an easel painting with an all-absorbed concentration. He might be American, or English, German or Dutch; he has probably been wandering, rootless and unsatisfied, all over the world, until the tentacles of Provence caught and finally held him. One of these settlers I visited—a fat, jovial man with a round face and small eyes that had suffered—lived in happiness on top of a hill in a small cottage that he had bought. He had the simplest necessities: three rooms almost bare of furniture; a young French wife; a garden where he kept chickens and rabbits; a spring from which he got his water. He needed little else to make his life comfortable, for in this region one lives out of doors from early morning to late at night most of the year round.

'I've finished travelling,' he said in his American accent. 'I'm through with it. I've found what I want.' And he told me he was going to sit in this solitary spot and devote his life to painting. His words sounded vaguely like a testimonial—the enthusiasm of someone converted to another way of life—but there was no irony in his tone.

'London,' he said later, 'New York, don't come here and talk to me of *them*. . . .' His face winced at the names, and he turned and went into his house. It had taken him, it appeared, fifty years to find tranquillity.

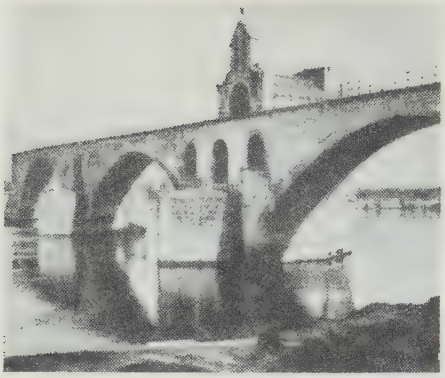
## In the Footsteps of Cézanne

After months one met a dozen of such people hidden away in the pinewoods or living in the back streets of the towns; they had none of the pathos of the human wrecks one meets on the coast; on the contrary, they were proud: after years of conflict they had come to terms with life. Not all were following in the footsteps of Cézanne and Van Gogh. Some, who had grown tired of a lifetime of hectic social existence in Paris and London, had sought refuge in the solitude of the hills, much as in ancient times a man found peace behind the walls of a monastery; some again had turned their backs on a life that had got too 'hot' to hold them, and others

*It is only a fake mill, but it draws visitors to Arles from all over the world since Daudet immortalised it in his book*

had just retired 'for a time'. I found it best not to question too much where people came from; when the mistral is blowing such probing is dangerous. But these are the people, who, as far as aliens can, have adopted the life of an *homme de Midi*; they have gone a long way towards their goal, but in Aix, by way of contrast, the tyranny of provincial French life among the bourgeoisie is as iron clad and as terrible as anything that Mauriac has dissected in the Les Landes district of Bordeaux.

It takes a long time to penetrate the beautiful, conventional mask of Aix. For weeks, months, years, one can walk peacefully under the huge plane trees of the Cours Mirabeau, through the narrow, slightly odorous streets, watching the military parades (there are several Military Schools in the town), the boxing matches, the exhibitions of gymnastics, the hordes of students from the Universities, and see nothing that you can't see on any travel film or in any guide book. Aix reveals itself gradually in small, furtive ways like the flickering of candlelight behind the shutters. One begins to realise the existence of a race of people who, like ghosts from the age of Louis XVI, still live, poverty-stricken, in the scenes of their former grandeur. Their huge, mournful houses—the 'hotels' of the aristocracy—with their halls and great iron staircases, the marble statues of Greek and Roman gods drowned in the gloom, the priceless pictures, the



*The Bridge of Avignon, the subject of the eternal nursery rhyme, could also have been the subject of one of Van Gogh's paintings*

rotting fabrics of silk and satin which hang on the walls, the tapestries and frescoes gradually being ruined by age and neglect, have all the scope and terror of a Balzac novel. Here, people in clothes that are half a century old, with high, stiff collars, heavily starched, ancient *cravates*, old frock-coats and thin, dapper trousers, carefully patched and darned, live their lives in retrospect. It is the *Comédie Humaine* prolonged into the age of Gide, Eliot and Picasso. Thin-lipped, with haughty eyes, you can sometimes see a relic of this life stalking in the evening through a side street. Ill-fed, like plants that have gone pale and thin through living too long in a cellar, they are consumed with a terrible pride of the past, their names which always have a 'De' before them, their connections, their history. Desperation sometimes drives them to carry some ancient antique to the shops which deal with *objets d'art* where, hardly able to conceal or to control their shame, they take the first price offered to them. What, one wonders, would Balzac, or, better still, Proust, have made of them? In the streets, on rare occasions, people who have spent their lives in Aix will point out an elderly sadist, or a homosexual, or a drug-addict, and tell you a history of their lives which would make *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* seem somewhat elementary. It is this slow unwinding of the subterranean life of Aix, of the passions and desperations, the evils and the goodness, which goes on behind the closed Venetian shutters, that makes the town one of the most decadent cities in the *Midi*. In other quarters in Aix, at night, when everything appears to shut down at ten, there are quarters you can visit, if you are known, where gambling parties go on among the workmen until dawn; or you can see the secret brothel (secret because, since the De Gaulle decree, such things have been forbidden) at the top of a certain shop well known for the excellence of its cakes and éclairs.

There is something in the passionate voluptuousness, in the very sterility of the Provençal atmosphere which dictates the reactions of the inhabitants to a very large extent. People who live in the dark heat of the *Midi* want something more than just football or cricket as an outlet for their emotions. Under the hot sun, harshness, blood, death become of almost pagan importance.

## The *Midi* Temperament

Though in Aix there is little but boxing and races and gymnastics, in other parts of Provence, such as in Arles, for instance, where the community is mostly peasant, the great moments of each year, which draw hundreds of thousands of spectators, are the bullfights. Here all the fury of the *Midi* temperament emerges unchecked. The huge arenas—which once echoed to the cries of people watching the Roman gladiators being fought to death—are filled with Arlesiennes and Provençals watching the bulls and the picadors and the matadors going through their precise and doomed ballet in the intense, white light of the afternoon. It is, perhaps, one of the most colourful—and revealing—sights in the whole of this part of the world.

For a while the spectators, with their children and their bags of food, fanning themselves in the heat with the local newspapers, white handkerchiefs on their heads, look like any holiday crowd, chatty and slightly detached. Then, as the afternoon gets older, one becomes aware that a

single, torrid passion is welding them together; their shouts, as they rise up in their seats and applaud the killing of a bull, might have come from a single, giant throat. The death and the blood has made of all the thousands of individuals a single organism which palpitates and swells in the hot sun according to the events in the ring. One feels that one has crossed the barriers of history, that these people, who a little while before had been grocers and workmen, husbands and shopkeepers, simple, uncomplicated and uninteresting, have become unknown pagans as remote from one's knowledge as the Incas. Death is in their thoughts, in the sun, like an odour in the afternoon.

## A Sinister Town

At night the people throng the streets of Arles, sit drinking and carousing in the shadows of the terraces before the cafés under the plane trees, satisfying their physical appetites after the almost mystical ecstasy of the bullfight. Once more they are like any crowd out enjoying themselves — noisy, vulgar, over-emphatic, quarrelsome, joking—and, as one watches them over-drinking and over-eating, one thinks of that intense and passionate liberation of the afternoon with bewilderment. When the bullfights are over and the people have gone home, Arles becomes a quiet, melancholy town without much life. By nine at night the streets have the deserted feeling of two o'clock in the morning. It becomes a sinister and lonely provincial town with only the Cloître de St. Trophine and the Musée Lapidaire Chrétien left for one to see. One of the saddest things of Arles today is the apparent indifference of its inhabitants to the old customs and ancient dresses. One seldom catches a glimpse, now, of the famous Arlesienne profile or of the strange dresses which used to be seen everywhere. Instead, they are dead memories locked up in cupboards or in the museum.

Much has been written about the parasitical uselessness of the *petite bourgeoisie* in France, and Provence, more than any other region, has reason to regret them. You are told, for instance, how they treated their famous men, how Van Gogh died of madness in poverty; and, as you walk around the landscape, you become aware of his shadow everywhere; you cannot see the cornfields, or the sunflowers, or a crow, or a cypress tree or a bridge without associating them with his paintings. The people of Arles became aware of him too late; ironically—for they were the last people in the world to discover his genius—the Van Gogh room in the museum is filled only with cheap prints. If you mention his name, the people guiltily change the conversation and begin to praise the national poet, Mistral, whose image, whether it is on plaques or in photographs, is everywhere to be seen. At least with him you feel the bourgeoisie seized their opportunity. He has become an industry in Provence almost as important as the wine-crop, a shining ornament of the tourist industry. Mistral's poems are printed on cheap gim-cracks, on birthday cards and 'souvenirs' of Provence; he is to the region what Haig or Ford is to other countries. Alphonse Daudet, too, draws visitors from all over the world to see the fake mill, two or three miles outside Arles, the original of which he made famous in *Lettres de Mon Moulin*. It stands a little way from a small village in a desert of stony ground. Here you will be shown the enormous Visitors' Book where famous film stars, actors, and celebrities have inscribed their names, and it is probably this, more than Daudet's letters, or his pipes and manuscripts, which attracts attention.

Yet considering the richness of the material, Provence is little exploited. There are signs that it is becoming more popular among a minority who visit it lovingly each year. In Avignon, with its terrible mistral, or Nîmes with its gardens, you will find a solitary traveller, who has come to indulge his secret tastes for garlic or *pistrou* or *pastis*, whose one idea of pleasure is not the crazy metroland of cinemas and nights of drinking so much as the peace and tranquillity of the Provençal countryside.

# Films and the Blue Pencil

JOHN WILLIAMS

'The picture they said could never be made,' proclaimed the posters announcing *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*. One critic suggested that 'should' was more appropriate than 'could'. Passed by the Board of Film Censors, cut by the L.C.C. and banned altogether by at least one local authority, *No Orchids* caused questions in Parliament and—inevitably—drew packed houses. It was an interesting example of the untidy working of our censorship.

Not only among films does the censor move in a mysterious way. In 1934, James Hanley's novel, *Boy*, was seized by the police after it had been freely available to the public for over three years. And Frank Vosper's play, *People Like Us*, was taboo on the public stage long after it had been broadcast, published in an evening newspaper and privately performed. Unsatisfactory largely because it is divided against itself, current censorship of literature and entertainment would be better for a closer liaison and more clearly-defined common standards. At present it works piecemeal. Backed by the Public Prosecutor as the final guardian of people's morals, various authorities, official and unofficial, watch over the proprieties in their own sphere with little reference to what is being permitted in other fields. Films are examined by the British Board of Film Censors, appointed by the industry itself; plays for public performance are scrutinised by the Lord Chamberlain, who is empowered by Royal Prerogative, and the broadcast word is censored within the walls of the B.B.C. Obviously, no organised body could pass judgment on all books and printed matter, and these are subject only to the law of libel—blasphemous, seditious, defamatory or obscene.

The emphasis of the censorship has changed with changing moral and social values. While it existed solely to protect the established order, the subjects to beware of were religion, politics, philosophy—anything that seemed to threaten church or state or the particular group that represented them. The erotic, the bawdy, the obscene, flourished most of the time without let or hindrance. But all that ended—in England at least—in the eighteenth century, and for the last hundred years the censor's blue pencil has come down most frequently on sexual outspokenness.

Sex first reared its head as a dangerous literary topic in the early Victorian era. The legal view of obscenity in printed matter prevalent since then was determined by what Lord Chief Justice Campbell said about it in 1857, and his successor, Sir Alexander Cockburn, added in 1868. The former, reasonably enough, held to be obscene 'works written for the single purpose of corrupting the morals of youth and of a nature calculated to shock the common feelings of decency in any well-regulated mind.' Cockburn, making things rather more difficult for writers, ruled the acid test to be 'whether the tendency of the matter charged as obscenity is to deprave and corrupt those whose minds are open to such immoral influences and into whose hands a publication of this sort (he was then considering a pamphlet called *The Confessional Unmasked, Showing the Depravity of . . . the Questions Put to Females in Confession*) may fall.' This criterion, rather than Campbell's, has since become the more generally accepted.

In the last fifty years classics, serious and pornographic works, fiction and

non-fiction, have all fallen under the Cockburn ban. Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, Shane Leslie's *The Cantab*, Lawrence's *The Rainbow* and Frank Harris's *My Life and Loves* are among the more famous that have figured on the Index. Of those condemned to the bonfire—yes, under Campbell's Act of 1857 and another of 1876, it can still happen here—Joyce's *Ulysses* made one of the more spectacular pyres in 1922. Established reputations as classics did not avail the translations of the *Satyricon* of Petronius and the *Greek Anthology*, both ordered to be destroyed in 1935. And, in the same year, the evidence of sixteen expert witnesses failed to save Edward Charles's *The Sexual Impulse* from successful prosecution. This was nearly forty years after the banning (since rescinded) of a volume of Havelock Ellis's *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*.

## In the Old Days

Hard things have been said about Cockburn's ideas on obscenity and the restrictive effect they have had on the literary expression of a later age. But their fiercest critic would admit that the bonfires that flared up in defence of Victorian standards of purity were less pernicious than those other burnings that went on before the censor began to worry about sex.

Introduced soon after the beginning of printing, the public bonfire was a favourite censorship weapon against religious and political writing in this country for two and a half centuries. To it were consigned, by the bishops and the Star Chamber, the works that circulated in defiance of the Proclamations and Privy Council licensing system of Henry VIII, and those that escaped the watchful eyes of the Stationers' Company, set up in 1557 to curb unauthorised printing. It was still an institution in the eighteenth century, when the Star Chamber was defunct, licensing had been abolished and the Stationers' control had weakened. The formidable list of its victims ranged from Tyndale's New Testament, burnt outside Old St. Paul's about 1530, to *The Present Crisis with Regard to America Considered*, destroyed by order of Parliament in 1775. For blasphemy, sedition and every kind of expression inconvenient to the powers-that-be, hundreds of books went up in flames in the intervening years; sometimes their authors burned with them.

Milton's inflammatory attack on seventeenth-century censorship, the *Areopagitica*, seems, in fact, to have escaped the flames. So do the *Letters of Junius* (1769–71). But Wilkes's *North Britain, No. 45*, daring to question the truth of the King's Speech in 1763, did not. Its burning outside the Royal Exchange, however, showed which way the wind of public opinion on the censorship was then blowing, for the

*The famous '25 Seconds' Kiss', from the film* (left) *and the bedroom scene from the stage version* (right) *of* NO ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH

*The amateur procuress in* Pick-Up Girl, *which, after initial banning, proved one of the great successes of the stage*

executioner' and officials with him were mobbed by a hostile crowd. Early in the nineteenth century the veto by fire (at least on political and religious expression) was a lost cause, the final instance being the destruction, in 1849, of Froude's *Nemesis of Faith* at Exeter College, Oxford.

But purged as it is of the politico-religious bonfire, today's censorship is still rooted in the past. The Lord Chamberlain's absolute supervision of the public stage (he has no jurisdiction on privately performed plays or those charging no admission) dates from 1737, and his Examiner of Plays functions now under an Act of 1843. In the days of the Lord Chamberlain's predecessor, the Master of the Revels, players were deemed rogues by the law, and up to the eighteenth century dramatists were suspect for their uncomfortable political satire. Something of this disapproval lasted into the Victorian age, though now it was not politics but the proprieties that were the Examiner's chief concern.

The censorings of strait-laced Examiners caused irritation even among early Victorians, and in 1865 twenty-one indignant dramatists petitioned for the abolition of the system. With the banning of plays by Ibsen, Shaw and Maeterlinck, the criticisms came to a head in 1907, when over seventy writers, including Swinburne, Meredith and Hardy, signed a very forthright letter to *The Times*. The main suggestion of the Select Committee appointed to report on the position in 1909 was that censorship should be optional. But an interesting point was that, while dramatists wanted the censorship lifted altogether, managers were keen to keep some form of licensing.

## A Difficult Task

Taking on everything that comes, the Lord Chamberlain's department has a ticklish task to satisfy everybody. Obviously, the way the blue pencil is used must depend to a certain extent on the outlook of the Examiner or Examiners (there are now three) in office at the time, and human idiosyncrasy is wisely allowed for today by the passing-on of a doubtful script to an independent team of judges. Nowadays, the veto is very rarely used, and when it is, it can still be reversed. Licences were recently granted, after initial banning, to *Tobacco Road*, and (following a visit by Queen Mary) to *Pick-Up Girl*.

No action followed the Select Committee's report of 1909, and criticism of stage censorship continues. Because it has hardly changed in a hundred years, the system is charged with being behind the times. Demands are made that the theatre should have the same 'freedom' as printed publications and the broadcast word. And at the same time the cry goes up that, so far from being too strict, contemporary stage censorship is not strict enough.

What of the cinema? The violent passages complained of in *No Orchids for Miss Blandish* suggest that the British Board of Film Censors can occasionally nod. The local banning of a film passed by the Board—the censoring of the censor—had a Gilbertian touch about it, but this, after all, might have happened to the Lord Chamberlain. The film censor's

real weakness is that his ban, unlike the Lord Chamberlain's, has no legal force and a film he has vetoed can be shown by local authorities who hold different views about it. This happened in the case of *Birth of a Baby*.

Set up in 1913 by the film trade, the British Board of Film Censors had, for the first half of its career, the comparatively simple task of censoring the animated posturings of the silent screen. With talkies, its responsibilities have become heavier than those of the Lord Chamberlain's department, for the words and situations it is called upon to judge may be heard and seen by millions. Of the two thousand-odd short and feature films that it now examines annually, most present no great difficulties. But once in a while the President and his six Examiners meet a thorny problem. Shall the little epithet, the one-syllabled word that has been passed by the Lord Chamberlain for the stage, be allowed to echo three times a day in a thousand cinemas? The answer, in the case of Shaw's *Pygmalion*, was 'yes'. What it will be when *The Guinea Pig*, now filming, comes up for scrutiny, remains to be seen. Here the doubtful word—four-lettered, Anglo-Saxon, signifying posterior—in the mouth of a schoolboy may have to be blue-pencilled in deference to the American market, if not the British. Such a deletion, if made, would cut right across the rulings of the stage and radio censors, for *The Guinea Pig* played for eighteen months on the stage and was also broadcast—word and all.

So long as censors differ, censorship designed to protect morals will seem artificial. This is particularly true now that the stage and the printed book have been supplemented by the screen and the radio, which diffuse the same material in different form to millions of people who are neither theatre-goers nor readers. Today the media of entertainment are interchangeable, and while plays and film scripts are broadcast, and novels are filmed and dramatised, all the censors have got to think more or less alike. This applies with equal force to central and local censorship within a single medium.

*Mother and daughter clash. Another scene from* Pick-Up Girl, *which discusses sex with refreshing frankness*

How to decide who does the censoring is another matter. The state-run supervision of the stage is a relic of the days when censorship had rather more sinister aims, and the absolute powers of the Lord Chamberlain compare strangely in 1948 with the limited authority of the Board of Film Censors, set up and run by private enterprise. The President of the Board has said that the final censor is the public. It is certainly a fact that the unmentionables of one generation become the accepted topics of the next, and therefore the precise status—official or unofficial—of any censorship body matters less than its ability to move with the times and interpret the changing public taste.

While literature and entertainment retain their life and vigour, bonfires and blue pencils may always be necessary. But let them be used promptly, consistently and sparingly. By all means let the too-exotic blooms be weeded out, but, please, no bouquets for Mrs. Grundy.

# The Pre-Raphaelites

**This month the Tate Gallery is exhibiting a selection of Pre-Raphaelite masterpieces to commemorate the centenary of the founding of the Movement. What does it teach us today?**


## WILLIAM GAUNT

**Author of *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy* and *The Aesthetic Adventure***


HAVE we anything to learn from the Pre-Raphaelites—a hundred years after that famous meeting in Gower Street in 1848 at which a group of young men, led by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt and John Millais, named and launched the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood?

This depends on whether you think they gave the right answers or the wrong answers to a number of questions which are still very much our concern. Is it possible or desirable to ignore 'Progress' and live in an imaginative or imaginary world? Do we prefer the product of machines to the work of human hands? Are we satisfied with the prospects and the results to date of the Machine Age and, if not, have we sufficient courage and energy to try for drastic alteration?

These questions, pertinent enough in 1948, were answered by the Pre-Raphaelites in a very positive way. They did not believe in that process of scientific, industrial and mechanical evolution which is known as Progress. They did construct and inhabit an imaginary world of their own. They definitely preferred the work of human hands to the product of machines. They were scathingly critical of the results of the Machine Age. They had no confidence whatever in its prospects and they showed an enthusiasm and energy in putting forward their alternatives which is hard to match in any later group of artists and social idealists.

In their pictures, the Pre-Raphaelites painted, and contemplated, a non-industrial world. If you visit the small centenary exhibition at the Tate Gallery (or went to the more comprehensive exhibition held not long ago at Birmingham), it may occur to you that there is no sign of the locomotive or the steamboat (which Turner, at an earlier date, had been quite willing to accept as a feature of landscape). If their subject is 'Work', it is manual labour they depict. More than this—for it would not, in itself, distinguish them from many other artists—they claimed the right to live in another period than their own—Rossetti in the Florence of Dante as he imagined it, William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones in the fabulous world of Arthurian legend. They lived in the past, you might say, but they were not interested in the past because it was history and had once been 'the present', but because it was the obverse of reality and a method of banishing the Victorian era.

This you might criticise, in twentieth-century fashion, as 'mere escapism', a 'refuge in dreams': but the word 'escapism' is a modern coinage and what it describes is a recurring symptom in our industrial society. Just as the Pre-Raphaelites placed hundreds of years between themselves and the nightmare memory of the 'hungry forties', so have the Surrealists put up mental defences against the unleashed fury of our own century. The experience of one war and the foreboding of another made this state of mind acute in the decade 1929 to 1939. The Surrealists placed even less value on 'reality' than the Pre-Raphaelites; but whereas the latter found inspiration in a dream of the past, the Surrealists induced, or tried to induce, the dream states of which the psycho-analysts

had written. Freud was to them what Sir Thomas Malory had been to Morris and Burne-Jones.

Noticeable in the intellectuals in Europe, who immersed themselves in this new interpretation of dreams, was a fellow-feeling with those Victorians (not all Pre-Raphaelites, although in the same circle) who had let their imagination rove without check. Thus, in 1931, Louis Aragon (and without the foregoing explanation one might think it a strange task for a Frenchman to undertake) translated Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark*. Respect was specifically paid to the Pre-Raphaelites. The Surrealist painter, Salvador Dali, putting out his tongue at the abstract art which dominated the School of Paris, asserted that it was his ambition to 'paint like a Pre-Raphaelite', and sought for that strangeness which so strikingly comes from the smooth complexity of detail in Holman Hunt's *The Scapegoat*.

## A Macabre Parody

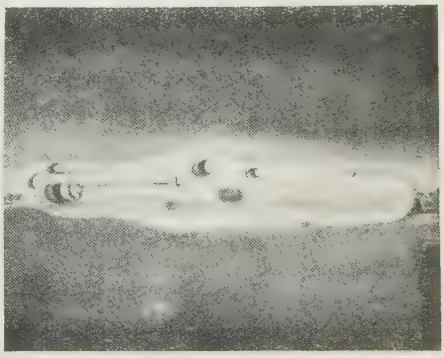
If Surrealism is considered as a second revolt against the Industrial System, it is less prepossessing than the first. It shows that growing defeatism which is marked in the intellectuals of the Continent who hate the world so much that they welcome entire collapse, and have used symbols, sinister and depraved, to hint at the anticipated coming of disorder and dissolution.

In a way they made a macabre parody of Pre-Raphaelitism. They, too, had a larger aim than that of painting in a particular style or of achieving a purely aesthetic purpose; no less, according to André Breton, than the 'emancipation of man', a release from all rule and routine, from every inhibition which is set on personal behaviour.

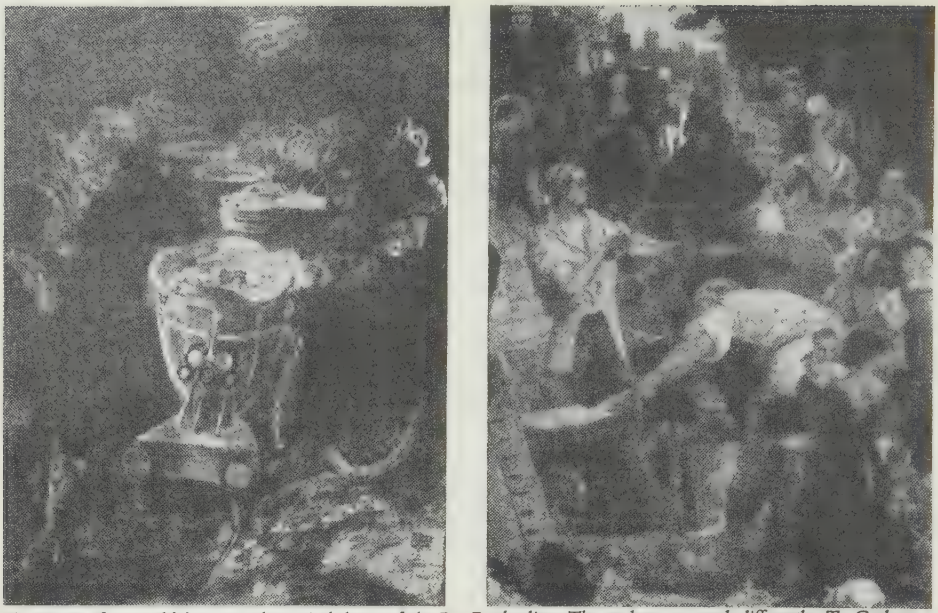
The dreaming of the Pre-Raphaelites did not lead to this large but inconclusive and perhaps despairing end. It was strengthened by their great watchword, 'Truth to Nature'. This did not imply the 'natural man' in the Freudian sense, the lunatic who lurks in what Surrealists call 'the visceral cosmos of the subconscious'. They meant external nature, and far from concluding that madness is 'the common basis of the human spirit', they decided that nature had laws by which it was divinely intended that human beings should live.

The 'Truth to Nature', which is to be seen in the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, especially those produced in the decade 1850 to 1860, was only the first stage of the great idea but the key, ultimately, to the whole movement. It came from John Ruskin—the power behind Pre-Raphaelitism. It passed from Ruskin to William Morris and it turned the movement not into a highly specialised study of visual phenomena (as with the French Impressionists) but into a constructive revolt against the Machine Age.

Nature, obviously, was the opposite of the machine. Its laws were not the so-called laws of the political economists. Wealth



*Hunt's desire for truth to nature caused him to paint his 'Scapegoat'* (left) *on the shores of the Dead Sea. Dali's picture,* (right) *with a similar precision for detail, is consciously directed to produce a nightmarish effect*



*The dignity of manual labour was the typical theme of the Pre-Raphaelites. The moderns see work differently. To Graham Sutherland* (left) *it is an inferno in which men disappear; to Ford Madox Brown the workman is the central figure of the composition*

(the product of the land) was natural, but riches (the product of slave labour in factories) were artificial. Slave labour (the monotonous repetition of unintelligent and mechanical operations) was unnatural. Hand labour was natural; being personal it was happy; and being happy was a form of art. Art, consequently, in a natural society could be identified with labour and labour with art. To this end, society must again be made natural.

In a very condensed form, this was the gist of the Pre-Raphaelite argument, and it was the Pre-Raphaelite virtue to act as well as to argue. Their campaign went on all through the second half of the nineteenth century. The first gallant essay in co-operative craftsmanship was the attempt at a complete mural scheme, made in 1857, by Rossetti, Morris and five other artists—the decoration of the Oxford Union building. Then came Morris's 'shop' for the production and sale of handicraft and chintzes, carpets, wallpapers, glass, furniture. In 1860 Ruskin's *Unto This Last* delivered its terrific onslaught on the Victorian economy. Morris carried on similar propaganda in the 'seventies and 'eighties. His *News from Nowhere* (1891) rounds off the period of Pre-Raphaelite politics, economics and open war on the Industrial System.

And then, a seeming failure, Pre-Raphaelitism disappears into a cloud of neglect and derision. Modern art took the opposite course and its meaning becomes clearer by reason of the contrast.

In the post-Pre-Raphaelite era, artists were at first inclined, as Whistler advised, to keep to their studios and let the rest of the world look after itself. They did not maintain this exclusive attitude indefinitely. In the first quarter of this century they tried to come to terms with the Machine Age.

Veering away from Nature, those who practised 'abstract art' made machine-like forms. The Italian Futurists (not without followers in Britain) worshipped speed, machine power and mechanised warfare. Ruskin had condemned the steam engine, but Marinetti adored the internal

combustion engine and, as a work of beauty, held the battleship and bombing plane to be superior to any masterpiece of Greek sculpture. In the first wild enthusiasm of the Bolshevik revolution, the 'man-machine' was the conception not solely of political fanatics but of Russian painters, illustrators and theatrical producers.

In the nineteen-twenties a mechanical Utopia seemed in sight. Never were so many jeers levelled at the 'arty-crafty' and the 'olde-worlde'. The architect, Le Corbusier, became celebrated for his statement that a house is 'a machine for living in'. Not handicrafts, but the shapes most suitable for mass production by the machine, became the preoccupation of the designer.

It is from this point of view that the Pre-Raphaelites became most remote. The highly selfconscious processes of art, more or less 'abstract', have been opposed to their self-sacrificial devotion to nature. The confirmed industralist is instinctively hostile to slow individual labour, little calculated to make money. The machine craftsman has nothing in common with the Artworkers' Guild. The industrial and mechanical developments which the Pre-Raphaelites have contested have triumphed.

## The Age of the Machine

It is, however, an uneasy and peculiar triumph. If the two creative forces of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, John Ruskin and William Morris, were alive today, what would they think of it all?

They would notice certain things which, in a fashion, might appear to realise some of their hopes for civilisation, though it is perhaps unlikely that they would recognise that kinship with the Surrealists, which the latter claim. Ruskin might find in the disappearance of the Poorhouse a justification of *Unto This Last*; Morris, in our Socialised State, at least some traces of his political theory. In spite of this semblance of dreams coming true, it is likely that both would be profoundly dissatisfied and acutely critical.

They would observe that the capacity to produce has been enormously increased with the near-starvation (the artificial famine of which Morris wrote). They would note that not only have two colossal wars been fought with the aid of the machinery which both looked on with deep suspicion but that a further and more deadly war, made possible by the latest achievements of science, is discussed in a mood of depressed and fatalistic acquiescence. The tenant of Kelmscott Manor would no doubt make a damaging comparison between the ancient cottage and the miserable 'prefabricated' boxes which, in the middle of a century of 'Progress', are doled out to a population thankful for the most flimsy and squalid roof over its head. If called upon to admire the merits of industrial design in Britain and America, Ruskin, who was incapable of purely aesthetic criticism and always looked to the effect of art or design on the human spirit, might ask if our idea of bliss were the rush hour on the underground railway or imprisonment with a telephone and a steel cabinet in a cube of concrete and glass, or the manufacture of goods it is forbidden to buy.

As far as art is concerned, they would present this dilemma. If it is machine art, it is wrong, because unnatural. If it is simply painting without conviction, an agreeable game with colours (and of this there is certainly plenty), it is negligible. These are fierce criticisms, but the Pre-Raphaelites were uncompromising critics. They challenged their own age and, whether we regard it or not, it is a challenge for us (for the neat separation it is customary to make between the nineteenth century and the twentieth century is a matter of time-arithmetic rather than historical reasoning).

The Machine Age, whether in its Steam phase, its Internal Combustion phase or its beginning Atomic phase, is historically an experiment with human life on a large scale. As such it ought to be criticised. It is to the merit of the Pre-Raphaelites that they have been the most active critics of this huge, untidy experiment, of which as yet we do not see the end.

A ONE ACT PLAY

# LORD BYRON'S LOVE LETTER

## TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

SCENE: *The parlour of a faded old residence in the French Quarter of New Orleans in the late nineteenth century. The interior is very dusky. The Spinster, a woman of forty, is sewing. In the opposite corner, completely motionless, the Old Woman sits in a black silk dress. The doorbell tinkles.*

SPINSTER (*rising*): It's probably someone coming to look at the letter.

OLD WOMAN (*rising on her cane*): Give me time to get out. (*She withdraws gradually behind the curtains. The Spinster opens the door and a middle-aged Matron walks into the room.*)

SPINSTER: Won't you come in?

MATRON: Thank you.

SPINSTER: You're from out of town?

MATRON: Oh, yes, we're all the way from Milwaukee. We've come for Mardi Gras, my husband and I. (*She suddenly notices a stuffed canary in its tiny pink and ivory cage.*) Oh, this poor little bird in such a tiny cage! It's much too small to keep a canary in!

SPINSTER: It isn't a live canary.

OLD WOMAN (*from behind the curtains*): No. It's stuffed.

MATRON: Oh. (*She self-consciously touches a stuffed bird on her hat.*) Winston is out there dilly-dallying on the street, afraid he'll miss the parade. The parade comes by here, don't it?

SPINSTER: Yes, unfortunately it does.

MATRON: I noticed your sign at the door. Is it true that you have one of Lord Byron's love letters?

SPINSTER: Yes.

MATRON: How very interesting! How did you get it?

SPINSTER: It was written to my Grandmother, Irénée Marguerite de Poitevent.

MATRON: How very interesting! Where did she meet Lord Byron?

SPINSTER: On the steps of the Acropolis in Athens.

MATRON: How very, *very* interesting! I didn't know that Lord Byron was ever in Greece.

SPINSTER: Lord Byron spent the final years of his turbulent life in Greece.

OLD WOMAN: He was exiled from England!

SPINSTER: Yes, he went into voluntary exile from England.

OLD WOMAN: Because of scandalous gossip in the Regent's court.
SPINSTER: Yes, involving his half-sister!
OLD WOMAN: It was false—completely.
SPINSTER: It was never confirmed.
OLD WOMAN: He was a passionate man but not an evil man.
SPINSTER: Morals are such ambiguous matters, I think.
MATRON: Won't the lady behind the curtains come in?
SPINSTER: You'll have to excuse her. She prefers to stay out.
MATRON (*stiffly*): Oh. I see. What was Lord Byron doing in Greece, may I ask?
OLD WOMAN (*proudly*): *Fighting for freedom!*
SPINSTER: Yes, Lord Byron went to Greece to join the forces that fought against the infidels.
OLD WOMAN: He gave his life in defence of the universal cause of freedom!
MATRON: What was that, did she say?
SPINSTER (*repeating automatically*): He gave his life in defence of the universal cause of freedom.
MATRON: Oh, how very interesting!
OLD WOMAN: Also he swam the Hellespont.
SPINSTER: Yes.
OLD WOMAN: And burned the body of the poet Shelley who was drowned in a storm on the Mediterranean with a volume of Keats in his pocket!
MATRON (*incredulously*): Pardon?
SPINSTER (*repeating*): And burned the body of the poet Shelley who was drowned in a storm on the Mediterranean with a volume of Keats in his pocket.
MATRON: Oh. How very, very interesting! Indeed. I'd like so much to have my husband hear it. Do you mind if I just step out for a moment to call him in?
SPINSTER: Please do. (*The Matron steps out quickly, calling, 'Winston! Winston!'*)
OLD WOMAN (*poking her head out for a moment*): Watch them carefully! Keep a sharp eye on them!
SPINSTER: Yes. Be still. (*The Matron returns with her husband who has been drinking and wears a paper cap sprinkled with confetti.*)
MATRON: Winston, remove that cap. Sit down on the sofa. These ladies are going to show us Lord Byron's love letter.
SPINSTER: Shall I proceed?
MATRON: Oh, yes. This—uh—is my husband—Mr. Tutwiler.
SPINSTER (*coldly*): How do you do.
MATRON: I am *Mrs.* Tutwiler.
SPINSTER: Of course. Please keep your seat.
MATRON (*nervously*): He's been—celebrating a little.
OLD WOMAN (*shaking the curtain that conceals her*): Ask him please to be careful with his cigar.
SPINSTER: Oh, that's all right, you may use this bowl for your ashes.
OLD WOMAN: Smoking is such an unnecessary habit!
HUSBAND: Uh?
MATRON: This lady was telling us how her Grandmother happened to meet Lord Byron. In Italy, wasn't it?
SPINSTER: No.

OLD WOMAN (*firmly*): In Greece, in Athens, on the steps of the Acropolis! We've mentioned that *twice*, I believe. Ariadne, you may read them a passage from the journal first.

SPINSTER: Yes.

OLD WOMAN: But please be careful what you choose to read! (*The Spinster has removed from the secretary a volume wrapped in tissue and tied with a ribbon.*)

SPINSTER: Like many other young American girls of that day and this, my Grandmother went to Europe.

OLD WOMAN: The year before she was going to be presented to society!

MATRON: How old was she?

OLD WOMAN: Sixteen! Barely sixteen! She was very beautiful, too! Please show her the picture, show these people the picture! It's in the front of the journal. (*The Spinster removes the picture from the book and hands it to the Matron.*)

MATRON (*taking a look*): What a lovely young girl! (*Passing it to the Husband.*) Don't you think it resembles Agnes a little?

HUSBAND: Uh.

OLD WOMAN: Watch out! Ariadne, you'll have to *watch* that man. I believe he's been drinking. I *do* believe that he's been—

HUSBAND (*truculently*): Yeah? What is she saying back there?

MATRON (*touching his arm warningly*): Winston! Be *quiet.*

HUSBAND: Uh!

SPINSTER (*quickly*): Near the end of her tour, my Grandmother and her Aunt went to Greece, to study the classic remains of the oldest civilisation.

OLD WOMAN (*correcting*): The oldest *European* civilisation.

SPINSTER: It was an early morning in April of the year eighteen hundred and—

OLD WOMAN: Twenty-seven!

SPINSTER: Yes. In my Grandmother's journal she mentions—

OLD WOMAN: Read it, read it, *read* it.

MATRON: Yes, *please* read it to us.

SPINSTER: I'm trying to find the place, if you'll just be patient.

MATRON: Certainly, excuse me. (*She punches her husband who is nodding.*) Winston!

SPINSTER: Ah, here it is.

OLD WOMAN: Be *careful*! Remember where to *stop* at, Ariadne!

SPINSTER: Shhh! (*She adjusts her glasses and seats herself by the lamp.*) 'We set out early that morning to inspect the ruins of the Acropolis. I know I shall never forget how extraordinarily pure the atmosphere was that morning. It seemed as though the world were not very old but very, very young, almost as though the world had been newly created. There was a taste of earliness in the air, a feeling of freshness, exhilarating my senses, exalting my spirit. How shall I tell you, dear Diary, the way the sky looked? It was almost as though I had moistened the tip of my pen in a shallow bowl full of milk, so delicate was the blue in the dome of the heavens. The sun was barely up yet, a tentative breeze disturbed the ends of my scarf, the plumes of the marvellous hat which I had bought in Paris and thrilled me with pride whenever I saw them reflected! The papers that morning, we read them over our coffee before we left the hotel, had spoken of possible war, but it seemed unlikely, unreal: nothing was real, indeed, but the spell of golden antiquity and rose-coloured romance that breathed from this fabulous city.'

OLD WOMAN: Skip that part! Get on to where she meets him!

SPINSTER: Yes. . . . (*She turns several pages and continues.*) 'Out of the tongues of ancients, the lyrical voices of many long-ago poets who dreamed of the world of ideals, who had in their hearts the pure and absolute image—'

OLD WOMAN: *Skip* that part! Slip down to where—

SPINSTER: Yes! *Here*! *Do* let us manage without any more *interruptions*! 'The carriage came to a halt at the foot of the hill and my Aunt, not being too well—'

OLD WOMAN: She had a sore throat that morning.

SPINSTER: '—preferred to remain with the driver while I undertook the rather steep climb on foot. As I ascended the long and crumbling flight of old stone steps—'

OLD WOMAN: Yes, yes, that's the place! (*The Spinster looks up in annoyance. The Old Woman's cane taps impatiently behind the curtains.*) Go *on*, Ariadne!

SPINSTER: '—I could not help observing continually above me a man who walked with a barely perceptible limp—'

OLD WOMAN (*in hushed wonder*): Yes—Lord Byron!

SPINSTER: '—and as he turned now and then to observe beneath him the lovely panorama—'

OLD WOMAN: Actually he was watching the girl behind him!

SPINSTER (*sharply*): Will you *please* let me finish? (*There is no answer from behind the curtains, and she continues to read.*) 'I was irresistibly impressed by the unusual nobility and refinement of his features!' (*She turns a page.*)

OLD WOMAN: The handsomest man that ever walked the earth! (*She emphasises the speech with three slow but loud taps of her cane.*)

SPINSTER (*flurriedly*): 'The strength and grace of his throat, like that of a statue, the classic outlines of his profile, the sensitive lips and the slightly dilated nostrils, the dark lock of hair that fell down over his forehead in such a way that—'

OLD WOMAN (*tapping her cane rapidly*): Skip that, it goes on for pages!

SPINSTER: '. . . When he had reached the very summit of the Acropolis he spread out his arms in a great, magnificent gesture like a young god. Now, thought I to myself, Apollo has come to earth in modern dress.'

OLD WOMAN: Go on, skip that, get on to where she *meets* him!

SPINSTER: 'Fearing to interrupt his poetic trance, I slackened my pace and pretended to watch the view. I kept my look thus carefully averted until the narrowness of the steps compelled me to move close by him.'

OLD WOMAN: Of course he pretended not to see she was coming!

SPINSTER: 'Then finally I faced him.'

OLD WOMAN: Yes!

SPINSTER: 'Our eyes came together!'

OLD WOMAN: Yes! Yes! That's the part!

SPINSTER: 'A thing which I don't understand had occurred between us, a flush as of recognition swept through my whole being! Suffused my—'

OLD WOMAN: Yes . . . Yes, that's the part!

SPINSTER: '"Pardon me," he exclaimed, "you have dropped your glove!" And indeed to my surprise I found that I had, and as he returned it to me, his fingers ever so slightly pressed the cups of my palm.'

OLD WOMAN (*hoarsely*): *Yes*! (*Her bony fingers clutch higher up on the curtain, the other hand also appears, slightly widening the aperture.*)

SPINSTER: 'Believe me, dear Diary, I became quite faint and breathless. I almost wondered if I could continue my lonely walk through the ruins. Perhaps I stumbled, perhaps I swayed a little. I leaned for a moment against the side of a column. The sun seemed terribly brilliant, it hurt my eyes. Close behind me I heard that voice again, almost it seemed I could feel his breath on my—'

OLD WOMAN: Stop *there*! That will be quite enough! (*The Spinster closes the journal.*)

MATRON: Oh, is that all?

OLD WOMAN: There's a great deal more that's not to be read to people.

MATRON: Oh.

SPINSTER: I'm sorry. I'll show you the letter.

MATRON: How nice! I'm dying to see it! Winston? *Do* sit *up*! (*He has nearly fallen asleep. The Spinster produced from the cabinet another small packet which she unfolds. It contains the letter. She hands it to the Matron, who starts to open it.*)

OLD WOMAN: Watch out, watch *out*, that woman can't *open* the letter!

SPINSTER: No, no, please, you mustn't. The contents of the letter are strictly private. I'll hold it over here at a little distance so you can see the writing.

OLD WOMAN: Not too close, she's holding up her glasses! (*The Matron quickly lowers her lorgnette.*)

SPINSTER: Only a short while later Byron was killed.

MATRON: How did he die?

OLD WOMAN: He was killed in action, defending the cause of freedom! (*This is uttered so strongly the Husband starts.*)

SPINSTER: When my Grandmother received the news of Lord Byron's death in battle, she retired from the world and remained in complete seclusion for the rest of her life.

MATRON: Tch-tch-tch! How dreadful! I think that was foolish of her. (*The cane taps furiously behind the curtains.*)

SPINSTER: You don't understand. When a life is completed, it ought to be put away. It's like a sonnet. When you've written the final couplet, why go on any further? You only destroy the part that's already written!

OLD WOMAN: Read them the poem, the sonnet your Grandmother wrote to the memory of Lord Byron.

SPINSTER: Would you be interested?

MATRON: We'd adore it—truly!

SPINSTER: It's called *Enchantment.*

MATRON: (*She assumes a rapt expression.*) *Aahhh*!

SPINSTER: (*reciting*)

'*Un saison enchanté*! I mused. Beguiled
Seemed Time herself, her erstwhile errant ways
Briefly forgotten, she stayed here and smiled,
Caught in a net of blue and golden days.'

OLD WOMAN: Not blue and golden—gold and *azure* days!

SPINSTER: 'Caught in a net—of gold and azure days!

But I lacked wit to see how lightly shoon
Were Time and you, to vagrancy so used—'

(*The Old Woman begins to accompany in a hoarse undertone. Faint band music can be heard.*)

'That by the touch of one October moon
From summer's tranquil spell you might be loosed!'

OLD WOMAN (*rising stridently with intense feeling above the Spinster's voice*):

'Think you love is writ on my soul with chalk,
To be washed off by a few parting tears?
Then you know not with what slow step I walk
The barren way of those hibernal years—

My life a vanished interlude, a shell
Whose walls are your first kiss—and last farewell!'

(*The band, leading the parade, has started down the street, growing rapidly louder. It passes by like the heedless, turbulent years. The Husband, roused from his stupor, lunges to the door.*)

MATRON: What's that, what's that? The *parade*? (*The Husband slaps the paper cap on his head and rushes for the door.*)

HUSBAND (*at the door*): Come on, Mama, you'll miss it!

SPINSTER (*quickly*): We usually accept—you understand?—a small sum of money, just anything that you happen to think you can spare.

OLD WOMAN: Stop him! He's gone outside! (*The Husband has escaped to the street. The band blares through the door.*)

SPINSTER (*extending her hand*): Please—a *dollar* . . .

OLD WOMAN: *Fifty cents*!

SPINSTER: Or a *quarter*!

MATRON (*paying no attention to them*): Oh, my goodness—*Winston*! He's *disappeared* in the *crowd*! Winston—*Winston*! *Excuse* me! (*She rushes out on to the door sill.*) *Winston*! Oh, my goodness gracious, he's off again!

SPINSTER (*quickly*): We usually accept a little money for the display of the letter. Whatever you feel that you are able to give. As a matter of fact it's all that we have to *live* on!

OLD WOMAN (*loudly*): One dollar!

SPINSTER: Fifty cents—or a quarter!

MATRON (*oblivious, at the door*): Winston! *Winston*! Heavenly days. *Goodbye*! (*She rushes out on the street. The Spinster follows to the door, and shields her eyes from the light as she looks after the Matron. A stream of confetti is tossed through the doorway into her face. Trumpets blare. She slams the door shut and bolts it.*)

SPINSTER: *Canaille*! . . . *Canaille*!

OLD WOMAN: Gone? Without paying? *Cheated* us? (*She parts the curtains.*)

SPINSTER: *Yes*—the *canaille*! (*She fastidiously plucks the thread of confetti from her shoulder. The Old Woman steps from behind the curtains, rigid with anger.*)

OLD WOMAN: Ariadne, my letter! You've dropped my letter! Your Grandfather's letter is lying on the floor!

CURTAIN

## Lux in Tenebris!

THE great event of last month was the Tsar's manifesto in favour of a reduction of armaments. It is mentioned here only in order to note what reason it affords us to thank God and take courage! The disarmament of Europe is a long way off, but there is at last some hope for the human race when the master of so many millions undertakes in his own person the sacred Apostolate of Peace. Nicholas the Second is young, and he had evidently the magnificent enthusiasm of youth. It has been the fashion to represent him as a weakling. That delusion perished with the issue of the Rescript. Russia has once more made humanity her debtor. Strange that it should have been left to the most backward of the nations to take the lead against two of the greatest scourges of mankind—the Moslem tyranny in the East and the incubus of militarism in the West.

## The American Queen of India

The *New York Journal* and the *New York World* vied with each other as to which could lay most emphasis upon the fact that the daughter of a Chicago dry-goods merchant was about to be 'Vicereine of India'. 'The American Queen of India' is already her title in some American newspapers. Says the *New York Journal*:

> Mrs. George N. Curzon, an American, will shortly be the next woman in rank to Queen Victoria throughout the whole British Empire. Her husband is to be appointed Viceroy of India. Mrs. Curzon was Miss Mary Leiter, of Chicago and Washington, and a sister of Joe Leiter of wheat fame. She will rule over three hundred million subjects. She will have palaces and a court more splendid than Queen Victoria herself. Her husband will have a salary six times that of the President of the United States. Unlike Queen Victoria, he will actually govern his subjects. His wife will share his power. She will uphold the prestige of American womanhood.

## The End of the Coal War

Last month brought to an end the prolonged industrial war which has been raging in South Wales. In this strike, after nearly twenty weeks of suffering and privation, the men have been beaten, and have gone to work practically on the masters' terms. The chroniclers in the newspapers are now engaged in estimating the loss entailed upon the community in hard cash by the abortive struggle. The total loss in wages, profits, sea freight, etc., is estimated at no less than £6,000,000 sterling; the direct loss to the men in wages is estimated at more than two-and-a-half millions. This sum is almost the same as that which was sacrificed in the Engineers' strike. We have, therefore, no less a sum than £5,000,000 flung into the sea as a result of two declarations of war on the part of the workmen engaged in two great industries. It might be worth while spending five millions of money with which to purchase victory, but it is a bad investment to sink five millions in order to be whipped. The net result of these two great industrial struggles will be that labour will count the cost more carefully before it next enters upon a campaign against capital.

## The 'Rule Britannia' of the Male Sex

'War legitimatises man's claim to superiority,' says Elizabeth Bisland in *North American Review*. 'When the sword is drawn, he is forced to again mount that ancient seat of rule from which he has only recently been evicted; or rather from which he has himself stepped down. The democracy of sex at once becomes ridiculous—the old feudal relation reasserts itself.'

This is but another way of saying that in a society based upon militarism the naked assertion of the sovereignty of material force naturally entails the negation of any claim to equal rights on the part of those who are physically weaker, which after all is only a roundabout way of formulating the well-known fact that war is essentially barbaric, and if a state of war is to be the normal state of society, Women's Suffrage may be at once ruled out of court. Miss Bisland, however, goes much further than this. She maintains that by a law of nature man is the natural and eternal lord and master of woman, and no one is so much convinced of this as women themselves. Indeed, the whole gist of her article is that the present deplorable tendency of society to recognise the equality of the sexes is due far more to the shameful abdication of man than

to any desire for emancipation on the part of the subject female. Miss Bisland, speaking of the sentiment of women on this subject, says:

I believe that if man were willing she would always maintain it; that it depends upon him whether she returns to it permanently or not. I believe that her modern attitude is not of her own choosing—that man has thrust that attitude upon her. For the oldest of all empires is that of man; no royal house is so ancient as his. It is his own abdication that drives him from power—abdication of his duties, his obligations, his opportunities. Ceasing to rule, he ceases to reign.

## The Peace of Bismarck

'Diplomaticus', in an article under the title 'The Peace of Bismarck' in the *Fortnightly Review*, lays stress, not altogether unnecessarily, on the fact that although Prince Bismarck is chiefly remembered by the part he played in the wars which remodelled Europe, he was during the greater part of his Ministerial career a diligent preserver of the peace:

Of the thirty-eight years during which he held office in Germany, twenty were devoted to the preservation of peace. During that period he laboured unwearyingly for peace and peace alone. Like Elizabeth, he was haunted by one great dread, and, like her, he fought against it with a statesmanship which neglected none of the resources of a 'shameful dishonesty'. The Peace of Bismarck does not bulk largely in the popular imagination, but it is a chapter of European history which may not unreasonably claim to rank on the same level with the record of his wars.

## Farming as a Profession for Women

Mrs. Virginia M. Crawford contributes to the *Contemporary Review* a capital article on 'Englishwomen and Agriculture'. Mrs. Crawford spent a good deal of time studying the social condition of Belgium, both of town and country, and she had brought back with her from that little kingdom some very valuable ideas as to what could be done in the way of the utilisation of the industry of women in agriculture. England has admittedly failed, and failed badly, in *la petite culture*. As a nation, says Mrs. Crawford, we have always shown a singular incapacity for those minor industries by which great fortunes, it is true, cannot be made, but which add incalculably to the prosperity of the working classes. She hopes that it may be reserved for women to clear us from that reproach in future.

## Shakespeare in 1898

Mr. Edmund Gosse (*North American Review*) declares that we are passing through a complete

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*New York World*

crisis of Shakespeareanism; and that the concentrated activity of Shakespeare scholars in 1898 has been so remarkable that this will be known as 'Shakespeare's year':

'At no time within three hundred years has Shakespeare been so imperiously vital as he is today. The sudden output of vivid simultaneous commentary on his life and work which it has seemed interesting to draw attention to is not to be looked upon as exhausting the theme with any abrupt finality. To fresh generations of minds, Shakespeare will present facets which the keenest of living critics cannot perceive today. We shall steadily learn to know him more accurately, more solidly, more sensibly. But what does seem to me likely is that several years or even some decades may pass before we make much advance on the ground so vigorously won in 1898.'

## The Gallic Bung

M. Talmeyr has an amusing paper (in *Revue des Deux Mondes*) on the influence of the wine-shop on French politics. Brother Bung in France, as we may perhaps be allowed to call him, has always been recognised as the Grand Elector. The keeper of the wine-shop exercises upon the Parisian man-in-the-street apparently much the same influence that the British publican exercises upon his *clientèle* of middle and lower class voters. Indeed, the French Bung probably has more influence, because there is not in France the same outlet for political excitement in the shape of public meetings as is in England; and, therefore, the informal gatherings at the wine-shops form, for the majority of Parisian voters, their only school of political thought.

# (7) Montaigne

## *THE MAN AND HIS WORK*

JOHN PETTAVEL

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE (1533–1592)

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE, the son of Pierre Eyquem, 'the best father that ever was', was born at the house of Montaigne on 28 February, 1533. He came from a family of rich merchants and exporters who had settled in the region of Bordeaux some fifty-five years previously when his grandfather had bought the lands of Montaigne and Belbeys for the sum of nine hundred francs.

In his second year Montaigne was put in the care of a German tutor who knew no French, and who taught him to speak Latin according to a method which Pierre Eyquem had brought back from Italy. This was perhaps an effort on the father's part to compensate for his own ignorance of the language and lack of culture: in any case, the result was that he learned some Latin too, and his son spoke it before French and ever afterwards read it more easily, although he soon lost the capacity to use it fluently. His father's ignorance of Latin also proved an asset to Montaigne on another occasion when he was asked by him to translate the *Natural Theology* of Raimond Sebond, a Catalan theologian, whose apology he wrote in his longest essay. His knowledge of Latin also accounted for his modest successes at the college to which he was sent in his sixth year, where he learned to appreciate Latin poetry and gained a slight knowledge of Greek.

He completed his education, studying philosophy, first at Bordeaux, and later, after political troubles in the region, and owing to the insufficiency of the teaching there, left for the more famous University of Toulouse where he had relations.

Montaigne's public activities began shortly after his twenty-first year, during which his father, who had by then become one of the most highly-respected citizens in those parts, was elected Mayor of Bordeaux. He himself entered its parliament three years later, and remained involved in politics at intervals throughout the greater part of his life. His numerous visits to Paris before his final decision to retire to Montaigne would suggest that he had political ambitions which were disappointed.

It was during his early years at the parliament of Bordeaux that he met Etienne de la Boëtie, and his friendship for him, in the course of the six years it lasted, became the principal attachment of his life. It was interrupted by his friend's death, and is

perhaps the only occasion on which Montaigne dedicated himself wholly to another person. It led him to rate friendship above love, as being more lasting and without deceptions. A Latin inscription in his library tells us that he desired to consecrate this place of study to the memory of his friend, and another inscription, also in Latin, explains his retreat, telling us that he had long been weary of parliament and public duties.

Nevertheless, during the following years he was repeatedly engaged on diplomatic missions of a semi-official description, of which, by virtue of his frankness, commonsense and impartiality, he acquitted himself successfully. He had previously given an example of plain speaking when he visited Paris on the publication of the first edition of his *Essays*, a copy of which he had presented to the King, who declared that the book pleased him greatly. Montaigne replied that he, too, must please His Majesty, since his book contained nothing but a record of his life and actions.

Shortly after this interview, he left on a journey through Germany, Austria and Italy. He passed through Rome, where he was granted an audience by the Pope, and went to Ferrara where he visited Tasso, and to Florence which he did not like. Then, after a pilgrimage to Loretto, he stopped in Lucca where the news reached him that he had been elected Mayor of Bordeaux for two years. He was subsequently re-elected for another two years.

This second period lasted through the course of more political troubles. Bordeaux was threatened by the soldiers of the Protestant League who were sacking the countryside, and Montaigne acted as intermediary between the King of Navarre and Marshal de Matignon. But his anxieties did not cease with the end of his term of office as Mayor. An outburst of the plague shortly afterwards devastated the region, extending as far as his house, which he was forced to abandon for the safety of his family.

During the remaining years of his life, after his return to Montaigne, he was engaged on the writing of the *Essays*, which he published in a number of editions, each with corrections, added quotations and amendments which marked his changes in opinions and tastes. His book, like himself, was always evolving. He read widely among the classics and occasionally went to Paris when a new edition of his book appeared. It was on such a visit that he met Mademoiselle de Gournay, whom he adopted. She told him of her high esteem for himself and his writings, and so began a friendship which was the only one which approached his attachment to Etienne de la Boëtie. It was interrupted by his death.

He had suffered for a long time previously from kidney and bladder troubles, which he bore stoically, refusing as far as possible to alter his mode of life on their account. He continued to spend long hours in the saddle riding round his estate, and only began to treat himself more gently as he grew old, when, with his usual objectivity, he decided that he was entitled to more comfort.

He died on 13 September, 1592, at the moment of the elevation of the host during a Mass which was being celebrated before him.

## His Own Textbook

Throughout his *Essays*, Montaigne alludes to the events of his life principally in consideration of his personal reactions to them. He was writing neither an autobiography nor a confession, and had he done so, there is little doubt that his book would have lost its wide appeal. Any form of prolonged effort was out of keeping with his tastes and character and, as such, would have repelled him and bored him. The essay form, or rather its outward formlessness in his hands, was what suited him best, and through it he could express himself with apparent carelessness, and so, most intimately, revealing himself, not only to a public, but what was more important, to himself.

During the whole of his life he was himself his most absorbing interest. It is in this that the fundamental continuity of the

*The Tower, containing the library in which Montaigne wrote his famous* Essays

*Essays* lies; and from this unending desire to know himself came his whole philosophy. He was himself, therefore, his own education and his own textbook, and this led him to regard literature as a means to an end, rather than an end in itself. It became a manner of self-knowledge and development of his knowledge of himself and of men, and viewed as such, accounted for his preference for historical works from which he selected innumerable excerpts with which he packed his *Essays*.

## 'What Do I Know?'

Regarding literature in this light, he despised knowledge that was mere accumulation of facts. More important than knowledge was the ability to think for oneself, and this was the point he stressed in an essay on the bringing up of children. A young man must be taught to work out his own opinions on the strength of what he knew, rather than be provided with them; and he must learn to be impartial, since set opinions, in Montaigne's eyes, were a sign of stupidity. Such a system is evidently not one that can be said to end at a certain age. If education were to lead to a successful life or a happy one, then oneself was one's education for life.

But the position, while simple, was not as simple as that. Man was not something to be learned like a book, but a constant succession of personalities and states of mind, none of which could be immobilised, and these unpredictable changes made it impossible to hold any hard and fast opinions about him. Nevertheless he believed that men were fundamentally alike: alike in their changes and potentialities. *Chaque homme porte la forme entière de l'humaine condition.* Their very diversity in themselves is the ground of their resemblance.

This belief that men are ever changing indirectly gave rise to his only attempt at codifying his ideas. The question he tried to answer was the following: how could man know anything for certain, if self knowledge taught him nothing but his ignorance of himself? He tried to answer this at length in the *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*; or, to be more exact, refrained from answering it by a restatement of his question. This essay, where he attempts to propound his ideas in a definite order, is one of his least successful. It lacks the spontaneity of the others and develops slowly as he attempts to argue the impossibility, not only of knowing, but of asserting, one's own ignorance. To do this would imply that one knew that one was ignorant, which is an assertion. But man could assert nothing, since he did not know himself; he could not even assert that he knew nothing. The only solution to this was one which he took from the Greek philosopher, Pyrrho, and it was itself in the form of a question: *Que scai-je?* 'What do I know?', which avoids any form of commitment in any direction. But all this is theoretical, and in its ultimate form fortunately remains restrained to the *Apologie*. Nevertheless, the idea in practice remains one of the bases of Montaigne's thought. He regarded doubt as the ballast of common sense, and developed it into a broad tolerance.

But this tolerance was not the only necessity for a successful life. It must be consolidated by the two virtues which Montaigne considered highest—moderation

and fortitude. Moderation was necessary because excesses only lead to disturbances which upset the even balance of existence which was his aim. But while moderation could cope with the difficulties of personal life, only fortitude could mitigate its crises by retaining a placid mind. For this it was necessary to remain unattached and, in this way, not to be vulnerable through one's possessions. It is noticeable how closely he approaches to the Christian 'poverty in spirit'.

## The Ever-present Death

He arrived at these conclusions, not through the Bible, although he was a devout Catholic, but through the classics, and his admiration of the great men among the ancients, the two Catos, Socrates and others, who were as real to him as contemporaries. It leads him to wonder from time to time that they could have been as great as they were without being Christians. Yet Christian ethics, in comparison with these, had little influence over the formation of his thought, although he considered his religion well above any other, and put faith on so different a level from the rest of his life that he seldom mentions it. In the *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*, which sets out as a defence of faith by proving the bankruptcy of reason, he argues that the only things we can know for certain are those that have come to us by revelation, and declared himself content to accept what he was told by those whose business faith was, and to concentrate his attention on the present life.

This, however, did not exclude any considerations on death. In one of the earlier *Essays* he tells us that the thought of it was never far from him, because death was ever present by virtue of the very uncertainty of its coming, and familiarity with it was the best means of overcoming the fear of it. *La préméditation de la mort est la préméditation de la liberté.* But later, when he is beginning to grow old, his attitude to it changes, and if he does not become more unwilling to dwell on the subject, he considers that to think too much about it is unnecessary. It is not death, but dying that men fear; and dying is an operation which nature, he says, will know well enough how to perform in its own time.

If these two attitudes to death are points between which the development of Montaigne, as we see him through his *Essays*, may seem to run, the second, that of his old age, does not show a decline in his power. He resented old age, although he did not consider that it changed him fundamentally. But the oncoming decrepitude of body irked him and led him to regret youth, and to think that, if age brought with it a necessary moderation and decline of the passions, it did so at the cost of advantages which he would rather have retained. He knew too well that a man does not grow better in proportion to the length of his life.

In spite of his belief that he had altered little, the change that had taken place in him is apparent in the last book of the *Essays* where each, though longer than the previous ones, is more concentrated. There is more matter with less art, and their style also reflects the difference. He writes in the manner which pleased him in others, more tersely than before, and, for all his discursiveness, without mincing his words. By now he has come as close to discovering himself as he ever can; the classical allusions and the quotations which he used to sum up whatever point he was making become rarer as his mastery of style has increased with the mastery of himself which enables him to show himself more directly and without hesitation.

But if his book reveals Montaigne to himself as much as to us, he does not write only for himself. He wants to be known, and truthfully: '*Je suis affamé de me faire connoistre. . . .*' The earlier Pyrrhonism disappears as he nears the truth of himself; and in the last *Essays* we find him stating his attitude to life more firmly and more roundly than before, and it appears that to doubt and to know oneself were the necessary means to reaching a point which he is nearing. This point, or goal, is not heroic; it is the totality of a life and the

accomplishment of a way of life which he practised and at which practice had made him well-nigh perfect. The higher flights of life, the lives of the saints, never attracted him, and it may be that the blending of austerity with religion was what led him to prefer the ancients whose attitude was in the main more earthly. In any case, austerity was foreign to him, and perhaps tended to repel him. He remarks wryly: '*Entre nous, ce sont choses que j'ay toujours veues de singulier accord: les opinions supercélestes et les moeurs sousterraines.*'

If there are any serious criticisms of Montaigne to be made, they must be directed against him rather than his book. His *Essays* were conversations which he suited to his manner and to his subject, and the main faults appear when he overdoes or departs from the one or the other. The innumerable quotations, the stories, some more relevant than others, are an integral part of his method, or lack of method, and while they make the reading of the Essays tortuous and are at times apt to be irritating, they are nevertheless a very definite expression of his mind and curiosity at the various strange manifestations of human behaviour. They lead him from place to place, and he follows them, well aware of what he is doing and realising that he would cease being himself in trying to impose a direction on his thoughts.

The main criticism against his life was made by Pascal who accused him of living like a heathen while he professed himself a Christian. This is not altogether without justification, if over-emphatic, because there is in his attitude to life an element of unwillingness to make more than the necessary effort, to be more than himself, instead of being content to tolerate himself with his faults as he did others. He had no great desire to better himself. On the other hand, it might be objected against Pascal that Montaigne was justified in aiming at a goal which he knew he could reach: an even happiness which he sums up in the last paragraph of the last *Essay*:

'*Les plus belles vies sont, a mon gré, celles qui se rangent au modelle commun et humain, avec ordre mais sans miracle et sans extravagance. Or la vieillesse a un peu besoin d'estre traitée plus tendrement. Recommandons la à ce Dieu, protecteur de santé et de sagesse, mais gaye et sociale. . . .*'

The *Essays*, taken as a whole, amount to the record of such a life which is within the reach of everybody. Montaigne never sought any form of glory, partly because he realised its hollowness, and partly because he was more interested in remaining himself. As a result, he was completely free from affectation and we take a liking to him when we read him in much the same way as people, he tells us, liked and trusted him on sight. He is accessible at all times because he writes and reveals himself at all times: '*Car le n'oser parler rondement de soi a quelque faute de coeur.*' In addition to this, the record of his many tastes and moods makes him acceptable to many; and as his book reflects him in his diversity, so it reflects us. It influenced such different men as Pascal, Shakespeare and Pater among numerous others; and although Pascal condemned him for talking too much of himself; it is nevertheless on account of his intelligent egotism, his lack of any sort of literary pose, that we are willing to accept him as he wished to be accepted, wisely and not too seriously.

### *True Friendship*

The unique and paramount friendship dissolves all other obligations. The secret that I have sworn not to reveal to another, I may without perjury communicate to one who is not another; that is myself. It is miracle enough to divide oneself into two, and they know not the greatness of it who speak of dividing oneself into three. Nothing is extreme that has its like. And he who supposes that I can equally love each of two, and that they can love one another and me as much as I love them, makes a multiple brotherhood of a thing that is most one and united, and of which even one is the rarest thing in the world to find.

From Montaigne's *Essays*

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# New Books

## A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC DOCTRINE

By Charles Gide and Charles Rist. Translated by R. Richards. *Harrap.* 21s.

**Reviewed by Christopher Hollis, M.P.**

This is a reissue of the book originally published in 1909. Of its two distinguished authors, Professor Gide is now dead. Professor Rist is happily still with us. Professor Rist has freely altered his own chapters and has added a final sixth book to bring the story up to date. With commendable piety he has been sparing of alterations of his great colleague's work. But it is impossible to deny that such a book makes a not wholly satisfactory compromise. If a publisher produces the works of Adam Smith or Ricardo or Marx, everyone understands that he is publishing an historical work. No one complains that the books are not yet up to date and make no reference to the world war or to the Russian Revolution. Indeed a large part of their interest is that they are historical works and readers turn to them in order to test these great men by seeing how far they foresaw the future that has now come. On the other hand, the topical explanation clearly also has its value. But it cannot be denied that such a work as this very easily falls between two stools. Clio is after all a Muse, and a work of art must be a unity and be planned to an end. It is true that, until we come to the last trump, the end must be to a large extent an arbitrary and artificial one. But the work of art is as it is and a work of art, which was written in the mood when the climax of things was the world as it was in 1909, cannot easily by a few additions and excisions be transformed into a work that is written in the mood when the climax of things was the world of 1948. There can never have been a forty years of history in which men's picture of the world has not shifted to a considerable extent. There has assuredly never been a forty years in history when it has shifted so enormously as it has between the first and the last publication of this book.

It happens almost inevitably in such books that the added chapters are abbreviated and out of proportion, and thus an account of the Predominance of Production and Exchange Problems After the First World War, which, though it contains interesting sections on Keynes, Mr. Hawtrey, Schumpeter, Cassel and others, does not mention the name of Dr. Schacht nor the Bolshevik Revolution, can hardly be considered as wholly adequate.

It is not merely that a great many things have happened since 1909. It is that the opinions of all men—and of the distinguished authors among them—on the way that the world is going, have been violently changed by events. This is true both of economic trends and of wider developments. In 1909 the whole world —to be precise, the whole world except China and Mexico—seemed firmly fixed upon the gold standard. The great central, creditor nation of the world, Great Britain, was an unshakenly Free Trade nation. Tariff Reform did not appear to be moving towards success, and even its success would have involved interferences with trade, which by modern standards would have appeared to be almost negligibly mild. World free trade was still almost universally recognised as the theoretical ideal, and it seemed consonant to the still prevalent faith in an almost automatic progress to believe that it would one day be achieved. The world was conscious of a certain spirit of unrest, but only the curious were well-informed on the details of the Marxian challenge to the capitalist theory.

On the larger canvas, it was taken entirely for granted that such ideals as religious toleration and the rule of law had been utterly and finally achieved. War indeed, the men of 1909 believed, there might perhaps be again, but it was taken completely for certain that such a war between civilised nations would be fought according to the rules. It must have been two or

three years after the publication of this book that the British Cabinet called for a report from Lord Fisher on the state of the German submarine fleet. The British Navy, Lord Fisher reported, was well able to contain the small German submarines in the North Sea. We need have little anxiety about them, but we ought to bear in mind that the Germans had some big submarines which could theoretically make their way right out into the Atlantic and there sink merchant vessels on their way to Britain. The Liberal Cabinet, with Mr. Churchill as its First Lord of the Admiralty, decided unanimously that such conduct would be so wicked that we could safely neglect the possibility that an enemy would indulge in it. If any man had prophesied in 1909 that, before half a lifetime was passed, we should see torture, religious persecution, the denial of freedom, the defiance of the rule of law returning to the world on a scale incomparably greater than had ever before been known in European history, he would have been regarded as insane.

But, since that has happened, the relevant question to ask in the context of this book is, what was the error of the classical economists which has caused their expectations of the future to be so woefully falsified. This question is, I think, answered—if only to some extent by implications—in this book. The old economists were not fools and there were no absurd gaps of logic in their argument. The whole Ricardian thesis is entirely coherent. It is clearly true that, if only all countries gave full monetary effect to their gold holdings, then an influx of gold must inevitably have such an effect on internal prices that imports would come into the country and the gold flow out again to restore the balance. It is clearly true that, if you meet a threat of unemployment by reducing wages, you can in the long run recapture markets and cure unemployment. But the reason why, in spite of the validity of the Ricardian argument, those who advocate the adoption of Ricardian policies are not necessarily politically wise is that, like all abstract demonstration, it neglects the time factor. In the long run things will right themselves, but human nature being what it is, how long a run have you? 'In the long run,' as Lord Keynes has told us, 'we are all dead.'

Now this book was first written for a generation that knew not Keynes, and its sovereign, if accidental, virtue is that it thus brings out, as it were quietly and without trumpet, the extent to which Keynes was anticipated. It is all obscured by the sham fight between Marx and Ricardo, who, though practical opponents, were of course intellectually on the same side, and Marx and his followers, with their desire to establish the monopoly of the Master, have of course lent themselves to the denigration and the sabotage of the real critics of the capitalist system. By far the most interesting pages in this book are those on Sismondi, from which it is clear how far he anticipated the greater part of the later Keynesian criticism.

Sismondi answered the free trade argument with the devastating point that costs of production largely depended on wages and that, in cheap productions, a certain advantage accrued to the landed proprietors of Poland and Russia, where the only cost of production was 'a few hundred lashes judiciously bestowed upon the peasants.' 'Let us beware,' he said, anticipating and criticising Ricardo far more fundamentally than ever Marx did, 'let us beware of this dangerous theory of equilibrium which is supposed to be automatically established. A certain kind of equilibrium, it is true, is re-established in the long run, but it is only after a frightful amount of suffering.'


## A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC DOCTRINE

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## GO EAST, OLD MAN

By Vernon Bartlett, M.P. *Latimer House.* 9s. 6d.

**Reviewed by Reginald Sorensen, M.P.**

A back-bencher in the House of Commons can easily disappear without anyone noticing the fact for a long time. But I must qualify this in so far as the hawks of Party Whips are concerned, and if and when the back-bencher is murdered. Vernon Bartlett is an Independent and therefore acts as his own Whip. Nevertheless, one day it did cross my mind that I had not seen him for some time and I casually wondered where the kindly owl had flown.

Now I know, and his intelligent travelogue, *Go East, Old Man*, indicates that he has not been brooding in a church tower but has spent some months on a journey to South and East Africa, Ceylon, Malaya, China and Japan. This was undertaken largely for personal therapeutic reasons after exhausting war and post-war years; and if the production of this book can be taken as a sign of his restoration to normal health, then we shall derive as much pleasure from that fact as from reading his nine-months' diary.

Yes, I think a better title would have been 'Go East, Old Owl', unless it be considered incongruous for such a bird to be whimsical and witty as well as wise. Anyhow, this particular owl is far from solemn, and his wisdom is compounded of generous instincts and broad human interests. For 238 pages he engages in a delightful and informative chat with the reader, as if he were relaxing in his garden with a friend or two and a few drinks at hand. It is just the sort of book the holiday-maker can enjoy in his deck-chair, and yet it also has its value for the politically-minded—who, of course, may also be ready for the deck-chair just now.

Vernon Bartlett, I suppose, would really be described as a Left-Liberal, by which is not meant one of the few Liberals left but one with a Left disposition who cannot make up his mind to join the Labour Party. Perhaps, in any case, world wanderers of his type could never be good Party men if they tried, and he probably never wants to try. And so here we have a liberal, urbane mind, equipped with well-known first-class journalistic ability, telling us what he thinks about places, people and affairs in a style that is not meant to be profound but only observant, shrewd, knowledgeable and friendly.

While he appreciates the difficulties of the couple of million whites in South Africa, his sympathies with the ten million black and brown population of that Dominion are obvious, even though not passionately so. From such matters, and his description of several human contacts, he voyages onward touching, among very much else, on the Fort Jesus Mombasa prison; the Ceylonese Prime Minister, 'a very jovial old boy with a slight resemblance to a Newfoundland dog'; methods of rubber cultivation in Malaya and the germination of rubber seeds in Kew Gardens in 1876; a meal with Chiang Kai-shek and the reasons why Chinese Communists are winning in the Civil War; the benevolent autocracy of General MacArthur in Japan; the shacks at Hiroshima designated 'American Movie Theater', 'O.K. Restaurant' and 'Bookseller Atom'; and the edibility of flying-fish such as were washed aboard on the way to the Gulf of Aden.

There are many reflective or challenging references. Thus—'nevertheless, I shall always believe that on August 6, 1945, the Allied powers committed a crime against humanity for which we shall all suffer, are suffering now in our anxiety about the future of atomic warfare.' Here he is referring to the atomic destruction of Hiroshima! And he has something pertinent to say about our Colonies and their future, with an endorsement of the proposal of Mr. Ivor Thomas, M.P., that there should be a Secretary of State for Africa. Vernon Bartlett is a man of the world without being a cynic.

It is a pity there are not a few photographs in such a book as this, and a concluding chapter, in which the author summed up in the light of his philosophical or political outlook, would have been valuable. And I am quite sure that the occupant of the deck-chair would have been carried forward so favourably by the preceding chapters as to have been very receptive to concluding reflections from the delightful and lovable Owl who, one trusts, will venture forth on many more journeys in the future, even though he has decided not to roost in the House of Commons when this Parliament ends.

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A review of which appears on p. 80.

## THE END OF AN AGE

By William Ralph Inge. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

**Reviewed by The Rev. E. F. F. Hill**

'You will hear tell of wars, and rumours of wars; see to it that you are not troubled in mind . . . there will be plagues and famines and earthquakes in this place or that; but all this is the beginning of the birth-pangs . . . men will give you up to persecution, and will put you to death . . .' So does the Gospel, according to St. Matthew, speak of the end of an age.

These things have bitten deeply into the experience of this perplexing time, and Dr. Inge brings them, together with the philosophies and religious and political practices which they have engendered, into review, not to blame but to understand, in the seven essays which make up this very wise book.

If I grasp the purpose of this book aright, we are invited, not to accept the author's conclusions nor yet merely to share his wisdom, but to be wise ourselves; to search for a philosophy, if there be another than his which will serve, and for a faith which will enable us to see and understand both the evil and the good of our time. Are we caught up, frustrated and helpless, in the death throes or are we participating in and guaranteeing the birth-pangs of an age?

There is one matter only, of the many which are here to be raised, to which I would draw attention.

In the essay which gives its title to this book, Dr. Inge writes: 'It may be true that we have reached one of the great turning points in the world's history. But there are no sudden changes. Some periods are anabolic, when forces are being stored; others are catabolic, when they are being expended . . . But every violent action is followed by reaction; the pendulum swings backwards and forwards.' Again, in the second essay, 'The Sickness of Christendom', he writes: 'If we are at the beginning of a time of troubles, there will be a revival of religion. But will it be the true religion? There are grounds for hope, but none, I fear, for confidence . . . My doubt is whether the peoples of Europe will accept a spiritual religion, or whether they will go back to "the weak and beggarly elements" of superstition and the deceptive lure

of totalitarian politics . . . Christendom has never been divided in the chambers where good men and women pray. The unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace is far more important than church-going . . .'

What is the character of this anabolic-catabolic rhythm? And what kind of peace is it in which the unity of the Spirit is achieved? Indeed, what kind of unity is the unity of the Spirit?

There are aperiodic as well as periodic rhythms in history. There is the asymmetrical peace of life as well as the symmetrical peace of death. And there is the unity of differences as well as the forced unity of identical opinion. These are the dominating alternatives of history, and between them there is unceasing conflict. Berdyaev is right. Things happen in the mind before they are revealed in history. These dominating alternatives are in conflict in the consciousness of modern man. But this is not the ground of his confusion or of his search for security. He has no longer the power within himself to resolve the conflict. It is because of this that he is so troubled in mind, and is ready to choose the slavery of despotism rather than freedom. He fears death and yet is unable to choose life.

There is something to be said for Niebuhr's statement that this generation of mankind is destined to live between two ages, 'one dead, the other powerless to be born.'

Dr. Inge does not share this view; for him, 'in love, the divine is incarnated to win deliverance through suffering, victory through defeat, life through death.' And some have had the audacity to call him 'the gloomy Dean'.

The anabolic-catabolic rhythm of which he speaks is the rhythm of this victory, and is set over against the rhythm of death. It receives further treatment in the essay, 'Escapism'. There is no danger of mystical unsubstantiality or of æsthetic dilettantism. The rhythm is here expressed under the form: withdrawal from, and return to, the world. He writes: 'It is not the business of philosophy or religion to make us invulnerable. Perhaps Christianity alone has firmly grasped this truth . . . The Gospel was not only detached from the world by its idealism, but attached to it by its fundamental doctrine that God is love . . . Withdrawal without return means salvation without love. It is purchased by a fatal impoverishment of experience . . . A man who has experienced nothing is made no wiser by solitude.'

The violence and cruelty and lying in high places, which are prominent features of our time, the attempted reduction of all opinions to an identical echo of one authoritative voice, of all forms to one pattern, together with the smugness of special privilege, and the belief in a law of ineluctable progress, are moments of a one-way movement towards death, towards the attainment of a static absolute, towards the peace of the police state, towards the end of an age.

But there is nothing quite so permanent as life.

The concluding essay, 'The Population Problem', is of first importance. It should be read widely and studied carefully.

## LECTURES ON GODMANHOOD

By Vladimir Solovyev. With an Introduction by Peter Zouboff. *Dennis Dobson.* 18s.

**Reviewed by Dr. E. Lampert**

Vladimir Solovyev is considered Russia's most important philosopher in the 'professional' sense of the word. But the Russian mind could never express itself adequately through the medium of professional, academic philosophy. And Solovyev's philosophical works did not reveal the extraordinary complex and almost enigmatic figure of this Russian thinker, who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, inspired a whole cultural movement and was responsible for a widespread spiritual and intellectual renewal. What was important and profound in Solovyev was not his expressed philosophical views but that about which he kept silent or that which revealed itself in his poetry and to some extent in his publicistic essays. As a philosopher he was an idealist of the Romantic type, as a publicist he was a liberal, though his liberalism issued from a Christian conviction as against the positivistically minded Russian liberals of his time. There was an intense religious and moral earnestness about him, coupled with a strange, uncanny cynicism. He has been called 'the laughing

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philosopher'. He was endowed with remarkable mystical gifts and had strange mystical visions and visitations. Vassili Rozanov, a younger contemporary of his, wrote that 'all the heaven and all the hell of humanity lived in the visitations of this laughing philosopher.'

The present book, *Lectures on Godmanhood*, is an early religious-philosophical work, but one which is likely to prove of the most enduring value and which stands least of all between the author and us. Since Solovyev, the interpretation of Christianity as the religion of Godmanhood has become characteristic of Russian religious thought. Its main insight proceeds from the conviction that Christianity is not only belief in God but also belief in man and in the possibility of a disclosure of the divine in the human. The Christian truth is the revelation of the humanity of God—the vision of a God who is brought into history to be knocked about by history.

Solovyev believed that the problem of the reconciliation between East and West, to which he devoted the greater part of his life, is a problem which ultimately reaches down to the divine-human foundations of the universe. The historical polarisation between East and West; both in the religious and the secular sphere, and, more particularly, between the attempts of Eastern and Western man to attain in their various, tragically conflicting and wayward ways a perfect human society, is seen as having an inalienable part in the development of what Solovyev called 'the human principle', necessary for the full revelation of Godmanhood in history. Solovyev dismisses the cry that the Western grapes are sour to the Russian East or that the Russian grapes are sour to the West and confesses a belief in the excellence of belonging to a world which is rent asunder but fundamentally one. Towards the end of his life he became disillusioned in many of his own views and gave way to a mood of a more difficult hope.

The work under review is prefaced by a lengthy introduction by the translator. Those who have no obsession about form and style will find many insights in Mr. Zouboff's explanations, though he could have avoided, both in his introduction and in his translation, the impression of a thick and damp theological and philosophical fog. There is, in point of fact, nothing tenebrous about Solovyev's manner in the original: it is marked by great lucidity and a sparkling, if somewhat cold, brilliance.

## THE NOVEL AND OUR TIME

By Alex Comfort. *Phoenix*. 5s.

**Reviewed by G. S. Fraser**

I believe that Dr. Comfort is mistaken in his general conclusions in this book, and yet I find it a very stimulating piece of work. He thinks the choice facing the novelist today is one between realism (in the traditional sense, the sense of Zola and Tolstoy) and fantasy. He realises that the general background of life today is too complex and shifting for anybody to make a pattern of words that will represent it without distortion. Distortion can be significant, and that is the case for fantasy. But what is the case for realism? Dr. Comfort sees the realistic novelist, today, as an individual sharing the isolation of other individuals in a disintegrating society, but trying to observe society with a deeper sense of drama, a wider range of information, a more explicit awareness of the coherence of events, and a greater objective sympathy than the average individual. Yes, but how much can he really observe? How much is he forced to invent, and how plausible will his inventions be? How far will he have to blur his particular experience in the interest of his general effect? Even a good realistic novel, obviously embodying much personal experience, Farrell's 'My Days of Anger', seems to me to simplify and therefore to falsify; it has ingredients from life in it, but it is flatter than life. 'It would be difficult,' Dr. Comfort says, 'to invent more moving or tragic patterns than those which actually exist.' That is true, but realistic fiction does invent; it records not particular things that have happened, but the sort of thing that is supposed to happen generally. I believe that if Dr. Comfort had started with a wider idea than that of fiction, that of narration, he might have accepted as a third alternative to realism and fantasy the imaginative treatment of personal experience—the quality that one finds in such works as Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*, Lawrence Durrell's *The Black Book*, Robert Byron's *The Road to Oxiana*, Rayner Heppenstall's *Saturnine*, Sir Osbert Sitwell's autobiographies. Many young men, in fact, who are toiling at novels, might be better occupied today with overt or disguised memoirs or travel books. We live in such an odd age that at times it seems superfluous to invent *anything*.

Dr. Comfort's best chapter is one of the reasons why modern novelists tend to pander to the appetite for sexual cruelty. As a doctor, he is able to deal with this uncomfortable topic in a helpful way. This appetite is latent in all of us; it does not derive from anything particularly devilish in our natures, but from the simple facts that as babies we would have liked to eat our mothers, that we resented being weaned, and that later, as little boys, we had a confused notion of the sexual act as a punishment inflicted by the male on the female. This latent appetite is reinforced in our own age by a general repressed social aggressiveness, and by the effect on our imaginations of political propaganda about atrocities. At the surface of our minds, such atrocities arouse a real moral indignation, but deeper down they give us a kind of pleasure, at which we feel such horror and guilt that we react violently, and wish, in revenge, to commit an atrocity ourselves. Writers are no more free from this confused response to cruelty than others, perhaps less free; for they have more vivid imaginations than others, and are more prone to moral indignation. An unconscious appetite for cruelty is, I think, a particular mark of these modern novelists who have taken up what is called an 'heroic' attitude, a man of action's attitude, in politics—Koestler, Malraux, Hemingway. They accept violence and suffering as means to just ends, and gradually and unconsciously fall in love with violence and suffering *for their own sakes*. One remedy for this kind of attitude, and the 'powerful' writing that results from it, would be a profound scepticism about the usefulness of violence and suffering, and an unfashionable belief in the usefulness of a moderating rationality . . .

Dr. Comfort is aware of some of the roots of human aggressiveness. Today, he points out, most of us, apart from the particular job we hold down, delegate most of our other human functions to politicians who make our most vital decisions for us, to professional athletes who play games that we cannot, to film stars who lead the leisurely and erotic lives we imagine we would like ourselves. We do most of our living at second hand. That is why we are so aggressive, but we turn our aggressiveness on each other, not on the general situation that makes aggression inevitable. I agree with Dr. Comfort that one of the main functions of the imaginative writer

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is to make us aware of the situation as such. When he does, of course, we resent it. 'Proust,' people say, 'caused the fall of France.' This statement involves one of two assumptions. Either (firstly) Proust invented a completely imaginary decadent society, but described it with such brilliance that a real society, which was healthy, began as soon as it had read his book to cultivate decadence; or else (secondly) French society really was decadent, but would soon have got over it if Proust had not drawn attention to it. Both assumptions are silly. Life does not imitate literature on quite that scale; and we are not stronger for not knowing our own weaknesses. However, they are the assumptions generally made where there is any official control of literature. Powerful groups will not admit that they have any weaknesses; official moralists have always disliked a frank description of how human beings actually behave. Therefore Dr. Comfort would rather write for isolated individuals in what he considers to be the disintegrating society of Western Europe than work for the state in Russia or in the United States for the large vested interests that want to put across a semi-official picture of 'the American way of life'. He has some acute remarks on the commercial temptations to the writer in America, and on the American bestseller.

Dr. Comfort's views on society may strike many people as a little romantic (he calls them romantic, but I am using the word, unlike himself, to mean a little unreal). His complaint about the lack of coherent groups in our society sounds a little like a complaint that we are not patriarchal or feudal. It seems to me in any case that there are coherent groups larger than the family, for instance, the group of doctors, poets, any club, any trade union, any church, any political party, the group of one's friends. What he thinks of as the isolation of the individual may be a condition of individual freedom. It is true, however, that society does not today *sustain* the individual as it once did. The war, by shifting individuals between many backgrounds, forced them to shape their own characters; background is no longer much of a clue to character. That is one reason why I feel this is not an age for the realistic novel, in which the background matters, but for the work of self-revelation, in which the individual vision does; I may be wrong, and even if I am right, a stable background will reassert itself—and the novelist will be able to return to his old task, the study of manners—if only we are spared another war.

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## MINOS OF CRETE

By Sidney Keyes (ed. Michael Meyer). *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

Sidney Keyes was a young writer who died at the age of twenty-one in Tunisia, 1943, just one year after he had joined the Army. Since then, his *Collected Poems* have appeared, and critics have fallen between two stools in assessing his work. On the one hand, there are those who will say nothing but good of the dead; on the other, those who are inclined to damn with faint praise.

With this new book, the critic may allow himself to preserve the proprieties and still assess Keyes' positive qualities without insincerity, for it is a very fine book: as fine as Keyes' personality and Mr. Meyer's devotion can make it.

Perhaps Keyes' dominant quality was his respect for good taste. A year before he died, he told me that a poem of mine lacked taste because I had mentioned a sailor who fell in love with a seal; and in his Notes, on the title piece of this book, he accuses himself of the same fault. He feels that the 'unpleasant and painful scenes' of *Minos of Crete* have become so horrible as to border on farce. He need not have worried; the play borders more nearly on genius, especially when one remembers that it was written while he was still at school! It proceeds with a classical detachment and inevitability, its language cold and correct, yet moving in its sensitive rightness of imagery. 'All action brings reaction, all sin retribution, all strength and sacrifice peace: for nothing is without cause. Order produces order, and chaos produces chaos: both are equally part of the pattern.'

That a man should have achieved this philosophic position would be commendable; that a schoolboy should have done so is little short of miraculous. This play alone would make the book good value for money; and there are other treats besides: the serio-comic, Kafkaesque *Race Between the Hearse and the Steamroller*; the nostalgic story of unsatisfactory relationships, *The Hot Street*, as evocative of a sultry afternoon in some sordid, southern town as the film *Au Baiser du Feu*, and as cinematic in its ending: 'A bar of sunlight lay across her open hand, on the pillow where he was not'; and a cogent essay on *The Artist in Society*. ('It is the duty of society, not to support the artist, but to assure him of freedom to practise his art to the widest possible audience.')

Everywhere else in this book the poet's unique personality breaks through arrestingly; and one of the most striking facets of this personality is its recognition of horror. Keyes is obsessed with the horned skull; he admits that the folk of Omagh are kind, but feels nevertheless that he is surrounded by enemies; and he uses the same word, 'sinister', to describe both Helpmann's *Hamlet* and the Arabs of Tunisia.

For those who are interested in the workings of an artist's mind and heart, this book is a rich storehouse indeed.

HENRY TREECE

## BERNARD SHAW THROUGH THE CAMERA

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The title might as well be 'Bernard Shaw through the Ages' for the book gives a complete photographic record of his life from 1874. There is no picture of Shaw as a baby. We meet him as a youth in that part of the book which is, in effect, the Shaw family album—here are photographs of his parents, his sisters, his uncles and aunts, the house where he was born. Hesketh Pearson's life of Shaw contains many of G.B.S.'s personal memories of the people who appear in these photographs.

But it is not the family album aspect of the book which explains its fascination. It is the way in which G.B.S. seems to have attracted the camera so that he is always in focus. F. E. Loewenstein, Shaw's 'bibliographer and remembrancer', describes his master's face and figure as photogenic, presumably using the word in its non-dictionary sense of 'a good camera subject'. But what stands out about Shaw, both on photographs and in the flesh, is the way he appears photogenic in the true meaning of the word—'producing or generating light'.

The other important thing about this book is that it represents an important pictorial 'Who was Who' of literature and the arts. Working backwards, we see G.B.S. with Vivien Leigh and Stewart Granger, with Wendy Hiller and Robert Morley, with Dean Inge, Einstein, Elgar, Chesterton, Belloc, Barrie, Chaplin, Clara Butt and Sean O'Casey. There are also some important photographs in which Shaw does not appear—of Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, Frank Harris, John Burns, Rainer Maria Rilke. If it is true that a man's character can be judged by his friends, then this book proves Shaw to be the most complex public character of several generations —which is probably true.

GERARD FAY

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Culpin, Millais, M.D., F.R.C.S. MENTAL ABNORMALITY: Facts and Theories (from the section PSYCHOLOGY—editor, J. C. Flugel, B.A., D.SC.)

Titchmarsh, E. C., F.R.S., M.A. MATHEMATICS FOR THE GENERAL READER (from the section, MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SCIENCES—editor Professor E. A. Milne, M.B.E., F.R.S., M.A., M.SC., F.R.A.S., F.R.MET.SOC., F.INST.P.)

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*Colonel Miksche, the brilliant Czechoslovakian officer, is well known for his books,* Blitzkrieg *and* Paratroops, *both of which were written in this country while Colonel Miksche was serving here with the Free French. In this new book—written in conjunction with Colonel Combaux of the French Army—he analyses the future military situation and possible course of world events.*

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Tennessee Williams' play, *The Glass Menagerie*, is currently showing at the Haymarket Theatre, London. His *A Street Car Called Desire* is to be produced in London shortly. His books are to be published in this country by the Grey Walls Press.

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# Cross-Section

## OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

### Decorum in Elections

THERE is much in current American politics to amuse the onlooker. But we do well, whether we are in Canada or in Britain, to restrain our merriment and to remember our own 'funny ways'. The more one knows of political life in the countries of the Commonwealth, the more ready one is to excuse American exuberances, even when they take the form of childish processions, flag-wagging, and hectic outbursts. The great point for us to remember is that, with all its vagaries, the American political system does set itself to produce the candidate who most nearly expresses the popular will. Our amusement may well be reserved for the Soviet comments on the American election. We are asked to contrast the circus-like proceedings at Philadelphia over Mr. Dewey's nomination with the dignified atmosphere in which a Soviet election takes place. Dignity is easy when there is only one candidate chosen by the ruling class (as the London *Graphic* remarks) and he would be a bold man who offered himself as an opponent to Stalin—or else so tired of life as to be bent on suicide. *Canada's Weekly*

### All That Glisters

IT'S as small as a pen point and as large as you care to make it. The issue arose from a Federal Trade Commission hearing on fountain pens and mechanical pencils. The nub of the issue is the nib of the pen—which may be gold in colour without being gold in substance. The issue itself is whether the manufacturer must identify the metal he's using lest the hapless purchaser be misled into thinking there's gold in them thar nibs—when there is not a carat in a carload.

It is obviously impossible for anyone to contemplate this question without remembering with Shakespeare that 'all that glisters is not gold.' The question may be pursued in its philosophical ramifications and labyrinthine subtleties through F. H. Bradley's *Appearance and Reality*. Its more curious and esoteric phases extend back through the alchemists' long quest for a specific to turn base metals into gold and thus defeat the axiom. But perhaps the final and sufficient comment to be made on it is that of H. J. Moody of the Fountain Pen and Mechanical Pencils Manufacturers' Association:

'A fellow who buys a pen with a yellow point for two bits doesn't have to be told he isn't getting gold.' *Christian Science Monitor*

### Incentive

BEFORE the Second World War, the alarmingly low birthrate was a source of constant worry to the French Government. In 1926 was created the *Fête des Mères*, an annual celebration during which mothers are fêted and honoured all over the country, from the biggest town to the smallest village. Women with large families receive diplomas and decorations, school teachers wax eloquent over the charms of motherhood, and the children vie with each other in giving little presents to their mummies. The mere male, of course, remains discreetly in the background.

The position today is definitely encouraging. In 1941 a maternity centre was opened, in spite of the difficulties caused by the Occupation. From that period onwards there has been a distinct rise in the annual birthrate figures and 1946 was a record year with 853,000 births. Nothing like this had been seen since 1900, and those in the know are confident that this progress will be maintained.

Of the 41,500,000 inhabitants of France, 1,800,000 are foreigners. The immigration authorities hope to increase the population by nearly thirty lakhs in five years.

*Le Courrier des Indes* (Bombay)

'CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO THE NEAREST YOUTH HOSTEL?' *S. R. L.*

## Rough Translation

IN Los Angeles, Joe Mendina reported to police that three persistent gunmen had tried and tried to hold him up, at last realised that he couldn't speak English, held him up successfully in Spanish.

## Habeas Corpus

IN Key West, Fla., Rupert Knowles, 368 lbs., was excused from jury duty : nobody could find a big enough chair. *Time*

## Prestige

AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES has organised trips to the southern borders of the Arctic Circle to a little village built by a fjord twenty miles from Trondhjem which rejoices in the name of Hell. The prestige of this name so far outstrips the attractions of the place that many tourists take tickets there without actually making the trip, simply with the idea of being able to show their friends in New York and San Francisco this evidence of a visit to, and safe return from, the underworld. *Carrefour* (Paris)

## Responsibility!

A CIVIL servant, who wanted some really hard work, offered his time to a farmer, who gave him a field to dig up. The farmer, delighted at the day's end to find he had dug more ground than any of the labourers, told him : 'Tomorrow I'll give you a more interesting job—picking out the good potatoes from the bad.'

Next day, when he went to see how the civil servant was getting on, he found only one potato had been selected. Asked to explain, the civil servant moaned : 'I'll dig up as many fields as you like, but this making decisions is killing me.' *Irish Times*

## Prayer—In Vain?

KNEELING in front of an icon, an old woman in Yugoslavia is praying with great fervour. A Communist passes by and views the scene with dissatisfaction.

'For whom are you praying?' he asks.

'For Tito,' comes the answer, but the Communist is still suspicious.

'You used to pray for the king before, didn't you?' he suggests, and she nods her head : 'Sure enough. And now look where he is.'

*Trek* (S. Africa)

## The World's Strangest Hotel

SOME twenty miles from the little town of Nyeri in Kenya, in a great wild fig-tree which dominates the whole jungle, stands perched the Treetops Hotel. The clients of this curious establishment are tourists who want to photograph wild animals. There, for ten pounds a day, you can observe the most dangerous of beasts, and with a little luck you can photograph leopards, hyenas, elephants, and buffalo. Mr. S. E. Walker, the enterprising proprietor, doesn't ask his clients to pay if no animals come within range of their cameras (100 yards). Seen from below, the hotel looks like a great bird's nest. A ten-yard ladder leads steeply to the first floor. The thick branches of the neighbouring trees bear a barricade of barbed wire to keep hungry leopards at a respectful distance. The hotel has electric light, supplied from two vehicles which stand under the fig-tree. The dining-room is on the first floor, and on the floor above there are five rooms with bamboo partitions. Like every good hotel, the Treetops has running water and modern sanitation. *Basler Nachrichten*

## New Look?

A DEPARTMENT store in Chicago let out its imagination and came up with an 'atomic-solar suit' for the twenty-first-century male.

The suit does away with collars, neckties, buttons, shoelaces, lapels and pockets. It is made of wrinkle-proof, water-repellent plastic, and can be cleaned with a damp cloth.

In lieu of pockets, the wearer sports a wristband containing a watch, and—the store predicts—an electronic communications set that can put the owner in touch with any point in the world. *Christian Science Monitor*

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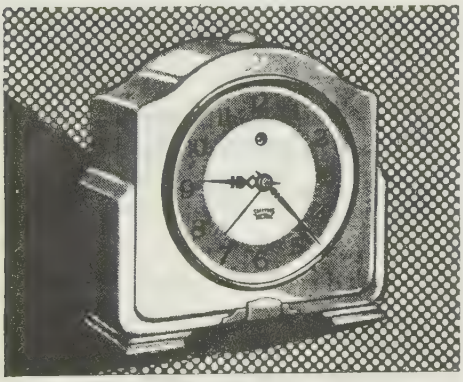

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## No Remorse

THROUGH Berlin's U.S. sector, along the super-highway towards Potsdam, a limousine zoomed along at 65 m.p.h. (the U.S.-enforced speed limit is 20 m.p.h.). 'It was going to beat hell,' remarked an American MP later. A U.S. traffic patrol, consisting of a jeep and an armoured car, promptly raced in pursuit. After a two-miles' chase they overtook the limousine, levelled machine guns at it. Frantically the Russian driver pointed to the back seat and screamed: 'Marshal! Marshal!'

A U.S. sergeant called for a lieutenant. The lieutenant called a colonel. The colonel recognised the limousine's passenger as Marshal Vasily Danilovich Sokolovsky, Soviet Commander-in-Chief in Germany. After what had been almost an hour's delay, the Marshal drove off, well within the speed limit. U.S. General Lucius Clay sent apologies. But the G.I.s who had slowed the speeder down were reported to be not remorseful.

*Time*

## Incidental Intelligence

MURPHY'S Limousine & Taxi Service, at 393 West Street, displays a sign saying, 'No Loitering, Except on Business'.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has put up a billboard in its home town identifying itself as the dispenser of 'Truth—with Fearless Accuracy'.

The Corn Exchange National Bank & Trust Co. of Philadelphia, in a circular calling attention to the wide scope of its personal-loan services, lists 'Wedding Expenses' under 'Emergencies'.

*New Yorker*

## Cannibalism

SHIPHIRD MATAKE, a former Japanese Army officer, told an American Army Commission in Yokohama that Japanese Naval doctors decapitated an American airman, and then ate his liver.

He said he was invited to a dinner given by Japanese Navy officers in Kyushu at which each guest was served with food including a portion of human liver.

'It was not until we had started eating,' Matake declared, 'that one of the doctors informed the guests what the dish was.'

'This announcement made no difference,' he said; the guests continued with the meal.

*Madras Mail*


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'IT WASN'T ALTOGETHER PLEASANT, BUT I MADE HIM CONFESS HE LOVED ME.' *La France Hebdomadaire*

## Fair Exchange

NELLIE WOLAN stood before the radio microphone at Middle Town, Connecticut, and offered herself as a 'bartered bride', with her six-room house as a swap for 'an affectionate husband'.

'There's no use wasting time. This is Leap Year, and I want to get married,' thirty-four-year-old Miss Wolan told listeners.

*Madras Mail*

## Honestly?

SALLY EILERS, who returns to the screen in Columbia's Cinecolor drama *Coroner Creek*, in which she is featured with Randolph Scott and Marguerite Chapman: '*No girl has real freedom until she's reached the age of honesty!*'

*Columbia News Bulletin*

## Hark! Hark! the Shark!

THE Bermuda correspondent of *The Times* writes that a hydrophonic recording of the noises made by fish has been taken off the coast of the Colony by members of an expedition from the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, Massachusetts, working in conjunction with the Bermuda Biological Station. A hydrophone was lowered 200 feet from the research vessel. The noises recorded were 'unbelievable', according to Dr. J. B. Hersey, leader of the expedition. The listener hears on the record 'a strange cacophony of screams, wails, whistles, and hoots. Hundreds of different noises were recorded, including a "honk, honk" and a cow-like mooing.'

*Crown Colonist*

## Babies Without Blessings

THE Danes have tried to alleviate their housing shortage by setting up a system under which families with children receive first priority. According to Herbert U. Nelson, executive Vice President of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, who recently returned to America from Denmark, 'this has resulted in a curious social development. Some couples decide to start their families before marriage so they can be eligible for a high priority for an apartment as soon as the wedding bells ring.'

*Newsweek*

## Illuminating Definition

THE journalistic description of Lady Grant, M.P., as 'the most photogenic member of the House of Commons' sent me forthwith to the Oxford Dictionary—not that I doubted what the writer meant his adjective to mean, but that I wanted to be perfectly clear about what it actually does mean. The definitions are (appropriately) illuminating. Lady Grant, on this showing, is 'produced or caused by light', which I doubt; or alternatively is 'producing or emitting light, luminiferous.' If the writer meant that—which he quite certainly did not—I am with him entirely. JANUS in *The Spectator*

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*Politiken*, Copenhagen

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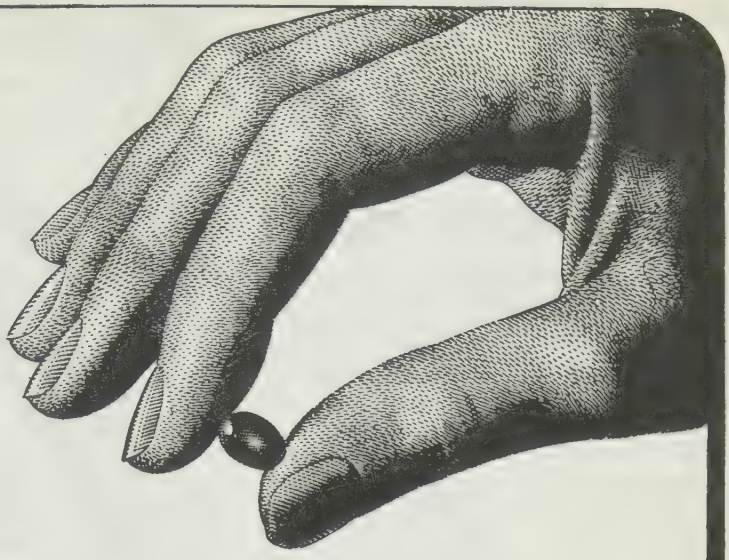

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C.P.44.M

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## "I'm no leader . . ."

*— said Marjorie*

"I'm just a sheep—one of the 'yes girls'."

"*But your war job wasn't exactly sheeplike.*"

"Ah, that was different. We were up against it then."

"*What about now?*"

"Well, I suppose we aren't altogether out of the wood yet."

"*We certainly aren't! That's why I want you to take over the secretaryship of our National Savings Group. No need for me to tell you how important it is to keep it going.*"

"But isn't there *anyone* else?"

"*Of course there is. But you know it's just the sort of job you enjoy doing once you've got your teeth into it.*"

"O.K. I'll do it. Buckle on my armour again and all that. Mind you, I'm looking to you for an awful lot of moral support. Keep your fingers crossed for me, won't you?"

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*



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# *at the friendly inn*

Good company in friendly surroundings is a centuries-old tradition of our inns. Often the craftsmanship of furniture maker, of glassmaker and potter has helped to create the genial atmosphere. There were the famous Windsor chairs, sometimes shaped while the wood was green. They once were inn furniture. Now many of them snuggle, old and mellow, by the firesides of collectors. And it may well be that some of the good furniture which makes the inn so pleasant today will in turn be sought after.